THE INDEPENDENT.

The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND:

A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE.*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXPLANATION.

Moses walked slowly home from his interview with Sally in a sort of maze of confused thought. In general, men understand women only from the outside, and judge them with about as much real comprehension as an eagle might judge a canary-bird. The difficulty of real understanding intensifies in proportion as the man is distinctively manly, and the woman womanly. There are men with a large infusion of the feminine element in their composition, who read the female nature with more understanding than commonly falls to the lot of men; but in general, when a man passes beyond the mere outside artifices and unrealities which lie between the two sexes, and really touches his finger to any vital chord in the heart of a fair neighbor, he is astonished at the quality of the vibration.

"I could not have dreamed there was so much in her," thought Moses, as he turned away from Sally Kittridge. He felt humbled as well as astonished by the moral lecture which this frisky elf with whom he had all summer been amusing himself, preached to him from the depths of a real woman's heart. What she said of Mara's loving him filled his eyes with remorseful tears—and for the moment he asked himself whether this restless, jealous, exacting desire which he felt to appropriate her whole life and heart to himself, were as really worthy of the name of love as the generous self-devotion with which she had, all her life, made all his interests her own.

Was he to go to her now and tell her that he loved her, and therefore he had teased and vexed her—therefore he had seemed to prefer another before her—therefore he had practiced and experimented upon her nature? A suspicion rather stole upon him that love which expresses itself principally in making exactions and giving pain is not exactly worthy of the name, And yet he had been secretly angry with her all summer for being the very reverse of this; for her apparent cheerful willingness to see him happy with another; for the absence of all signs of jealousy, all desire of exclusive appropriation. It showed, he said to himself, that there was no love; and now when it dawned on him that this might be the very heroism of self-devotion, he asked himself which was best worthy to be called love.

"She did love him then!" The thought blazed up through the smoldering embers of thought in his heart like a tongue of flame. She loved him! He felt a sort of triumph in it, for he was sure Sally must know, they were so intimate. Well, he would go to her and tell her all, confess all his sins, and be forgiven.

When he came back to the house all was still evening. The moon, which was playing brightly on the distant sea, left one side of the brown house in shadow. Moses saw a light gleaming behind the curtain in the little room on the lower floor, which had been his peculiar sanctum the summer past. He had made a sort of library of it, keeping his books and papers. Upon the white curtain flitted, from time to time, a delicate, busy shadow; now it rose and now it stooped, and then it rose again—grew dim and vanished, and then came out again. His heart beat quick.

Mara was in his room, busy, as she always had been before his departures, in cares for him. How many things had she made for him, and done and arranged for him all his life long!—things which he had taken as much as a matter of course as the shining of that moon. His thoughts went back to the times of his first going to sea—he a rough, chaotic boy, sensitive and surly, and she the ever thoughtful good angel of a little girl, whose loving kindness he had felt free to use and to abuse. He remembers that he made her cry there when he should have spoken lovingly and gratefully to her, and that the words of acknowledgment that ought to have been spoken, never have been said—remain unsaid to this hour. He stooped low, and came quite close to the muslin curtain. All was bright in the room, and shadowy without; he can see her movements as through a thin white haze. She is packing his sea-chest; his things are lying about her folded or rolled nicely. Now he sees her on her knees writing something with a pencil in a book, and then she envelops it very carefully in silk paper, and ties it trimly, and hides it away at the bottom of the chest. Then she remains a moment kneeling at the chest, her head resting in her hands. A sort of strange sacred feeling comes over him as he hears a low murmur, and knows that she feels a Presence that he never feels or acknowledges. He feels somehow that he is doing her a wrong thus to be prying upon moments when she thinks herself alone with God; a sort of vague remorse filled him; he felt as if she were too good for him. He turned away, and entering the front door of the house stepped noiselessly along and lifted the latch of the door. He heard a rustle as of one rising hastily as he opened it and stood before Mara. He had made up his mind what to say; but when she stood there before him, with her surprised, inquiring eyes, he felt confused.

"What, home so soon?" she said.

"You did not expect me then?"

"Of course not—not for these two hours; so," she said, looking about, "I found some mischief to do among your things. If you had waited as long as I expected, they would all have been quite right again, and you would never have known."

Moses sat down and drew her toward him, as if he were going to say something, and then stopped and began confusedly playing with her work-box.

"Now, *please* don't," said she, archly. "You know what a little old maid I am about my things!"

"Mara," said Moses, "people have asked you to marry them, have there not?"

"*People* asked me to marry them!" said Mara. "I hope not. What an odd question!"

"You know what I mean," said Moses; "you have had offers of marriage—from Mr. Adams, for example."

"And what if I have?"

"You did not accept him, Mara?" said Moses.

"No, I did not."

"And yet he was a fine man, I am told, and well fitted to make you happy."

"I believe he was," said Mara, quietly.

"And why were you so foolish?"

Mara was fretted at this question. She supposed Moses had come to tell her of his engagement to Sally, and that this was a kind of preface, and she answered:

"I don't know why you call it foolish. I was a true friend to Mr. Adams. I saw intellectually that he might have the power of making any reasonable woman happy. I think now that the woman will be fortunate who becomes his wife; but I did not wish to marry him."

"Is there anybody you prefer to him, Mara?" said Moses.

She started up with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"You have no right to ask me that, though you are my brother."

"I am *not* your brother, Mara," said Moses, rising and going toward her, "and that is why I ask you. I feel I have a right to ask you."

"I do not understand you," she said, faintly.

"I can speak plainer then. I wish to put in my poor venture. I love you, Mara—not as a brother. I wish you to be my wife, if you will."

While Moses was saying these words, Mara felt a sort of whirling in her head, and it grew dark before her eyes; but she had a strong, firm will, and she mastered herself and answered, after a moment, in a quiet, sorrowful tone, "How can I believe this, Moses? If it is true, why have you done as you have this summer?"

"Because I was a fool, Mara—because I was jealous of Mr. Adams—because I somehow hoped, after all, that you either loved me or that I might make you think more of me through jealousy of another. They say that love always is shown by jealousy."

"Not true love, I should think," said Mara. "How *could* you do so?—it was cruel to her—cruel to me."

"I admit it—anything, everything you can say. I have acted like a fool and a knave, if you will; but, after all, Mara, I do love you. I know I am not worthy of you—never was—never can be; you are in all things a true noble woman, and I have been unmanly."

It is not to be supposed that all this was spoken without accompaniments of looks, movements, and expressions of face such as we cannot give, but such as doubled their power to the parties concerned; and the "I love you" had its usual conclusive force as argument, apology, promise—covering, like charity, a multitude of sins.

Half an hour after you might have seen a youth and a maiden coming together out of the door of the brown house, and walking arm in arm toward the sea-beach.

It was one of those wonderfully clear moonlight evenings, when the ocean, like a great reflecting mirror, seems to double the brightness of the sky—and its vast expanse lay all around them in its stillness, like an eternity of waveless peace. Mara remembered that time in her girlhood when she had followed Moses into the woods on just such a night—how she had sat there under the shadows of the trees, and looked over to Harpswell and noticed the white houses and the meeting-house, all so bright and clear in the moonlight, and then off again on the other side of the island where silent ships were coming and going in the mysterious stillness. They were talking together now with that outflowing fullness which comes when the seal of some great reserve has just been broken—going back over their lives from day to day, bringing up incidents of childhood, and turning them gleefully like two children.

And then Moses had all the story of his life to relate, and to tell Mara all he had learned of his mother—going over with all the narrative contained in Mr. Sewell's letter.

"You see, Mara, that it was intended that you should be my mother's ende; "so the winds and waves took me up and carried me to the lonely island where the magic princess dwelt."

"You are Prince Ferdinand," said Mara.

"And you are Miranda," said he.

"Ah!" she said with fervor, "how plainly we can see that our heavenly Father has been guiding our way! How good he is—and how we must try to live for him—both of us."

A sort of cloud passed over Moses's brow—he looked embarrassed, and there was a pause between them, and then he turned the conversation.

Mara felt pained; it was like a sudden discord; such thoughts and feelings were the very breath of her life; she could not speak in perfect confidence and unreserve, as she then spoke, without uttering them; and her finely organized nature felt a sort of electric consciousness of repulsion and dissent.

She grew abstracted, and they walked on in silence.

"I see now, Mara, I have pained you," said Moses, "but there are a class of feelings that you have that I have not and cannot have. No, I cannot feign anything. I can understand what religion is in you—I can admire its results. I can be happy if it gives you any comfort—but people are differently constituted. I never can feel as you do."

"Oh, don't say *never*," said Mara, with an intensity that nearly startled him; "it has been the one prayer, the one hope, of my life, that you might have these comforts—this peace."

"I need no comfort or peace except what I shall find in you," said Moses, drawing her to himself and looking admiringly at her; "but pray for me still. I always thought that my wife must be one of the sort of women who pray."

"And why?" said Mara, in surprise.

"Because I need to be loved a great deal, and it is only that kind who pray who know how to love *really*. If you had not prayed for me all this time, you never would have loved me in spite of all my faults, as you did, and do, and will, as I know you will," he said, folding her in his arms; and in his secret heart he said, "Some of this intensity, this devotion, which went upward to heaven, will be mine one day—she will worship me."

"The fact is, Mara," he said, "I am a child of this world. I have no sympathy with things not seen. You are a half-spiritual creature—a child of air; and but for the great woman's heart in you, I should feel that you were something uncanny and unnatural. I am selfish, I know; I frankly admit, I never disguised it; but I love your religion because it makes you love me. It is an incident to that loving, trusting nature which makes you all and wholly *mine*, as I want you to be. I want you all and wholly; every thought, every feeling—the whole strength of your being. I don't care if I say it: I would not wish to be second in your heart even to God himself!"

"Oh, Moses!" said Mara, almost starting away from him, "such words are dreadful; they will surely bring evil upon us."

"I only breathed out my nature as you did yours. Why should you love an unseen and distant Being more than you do one whom you can feel and see, who holds you in his arms, whose heart beats like your own?"

"Moses," said Mara, stopping and looking at him in the clear moonlight, "God has always been to me not so much like a father as like a dear and tender mother. Perhaps it was because I was a poor orphan, and my father and mother died at my birth, that he has been so loving to me. I never remember the time when I did not feel his presence in my joys and my sorrows. I never had a thought of joy and sorrow that I could not say to him. I never woke in the night that I did not feel that he was loving and watching me, and that I loved him in return. Oh, how many, many things I have said to him about you! My heart would have broken years ago had it not been for him; because, though you did not know it, you often seemed unkind; you hurt me very often when you did not mean to. His love is so much a part of my life that I cannot conceive of life without it. It is the very air I breathe."

Moses stood still a moment, for Mara spoke with a fervor that affected him; then he drew her to his heart, and said,

"Oh, what could ever make you love me?"

"He sent you and gave you to me," she answered, "to be mine in time and eternity."

The words were spoken in a kind of enthusiasm so different from the usual reserve of Mara, that they seemed like a prophecy. That night, for the first time in her life, had she broken the reserve which was her very nature, and spoken of that which was the intimate and hidden history of her soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE QUILTING.

"And so," said Mrs. Captain Badger to Miss Roxy Toothacre, "it seems that Moses Pennel isn't going to have Sally Kittridge after all—he's engaged to Mara Lincoln."

"More shame for him," said Miss Roxy, with a frown that made her mohair curls look really tremendous.

Miss Roxy and Mrs. Badger were the advance party at a quilting, to be holden at the house of Mr. Sewell, and had come at one o'clock to do the marking upon the quilt, which was to be filled up by the busy fingers of all the women in the parish. Said quilt was to have a bordering of a pattern commonly denominated in those parts clam-shell, and this Miss Roxy was diligently marking with indigo.

"What makes you say so now?" said Mrs. Badger, a fat, comfortable, motherly matron, who always patronized the last matrimonial venture that put forth among the young people.

"What business had he to flirt and gallivant all summer with Sally Kittridge, and make everybody think he was going to have her, and then turn round to Mara Lincoln at the last minute? I wish I'd been in Mara's place."

In Miss Roxy's martial enthusiasm, she gave a sudden poke to her frizette, giving to it a diagonal bristle which extremely increased its usually severe expression; and any one contemplating her at the moment would have thought that for Moses Pennel or any other young man to come with tender propositions in that direction, would have been in a venturesome enterprise.

"I tell you what 'tis, Mis' Badger," she said, "I've known Mara since she was born—I may say I fetched her up myself, for if I hadn't trotted and tended her them first four weeks of her life, Mis' Pennel 'd never have got her through; and I've watched her every year since; and havin' Moses Pennel is the only silly thing I ever knew her to do; but you never can tell what a girl will do when it comes to marryin'—never!"

"But he's a real stirring, likely young man, and captain of a fine ship," said Mrs. Badger.

"Don't care if he's captain of twenty ships," said Miss Roxy, obdurately; "he a'n't a professor of religion, and I believe he's an infidel, and she's one of the Lord's people."

"Well," said Mrs. Badger, "you know the unbelieving husband shall be sanctified by the believin' wife?"

"Much sanctifying he'll get," said Miss Roxy, contemptuously. "I don't believe he loves her any more than fancy; she's the last plaything, and when he's got her he'll be tired of her, as he always was with anything he got ever since. I tell you, Moses Pennel is all for pride and ambition and the world; and his wife, when he gets used to her, 'll be only a circumstance—that's all."

"Come, now, Miss Roxy," said Miss Emily, who in her best silk and smoothly brushed hair had just come in, "we must *not* let you talk so. Moses Pennel has had long talks with brother, and he thinks him in a very hopeful way, and we are all delighted; and as to Mara, she is as fresh and happy as a little rose."

"So I tell Roxy," said Miss Ruey, who had been absent from the room to hold private consultations with Miss Emily concerning the biscuits and sponge-cake for tea, and who now sat down to the quilt and began to unroll a capacious and very limp calico thread-case; and placing her spectacles awry on her little pug nose, she began a series of ingenious dodges with her thread, designed to hit the eye of her needle.

"The old folks," she continued, "are e'en a'most tickled to pieces—'cause they think it'll jist be the salvation of him to get Mara."

"I a'n't one of the sort that wants to be a usin' up girls for the salvation of fellows," said Miss Roxy, severely. "Ever since he nearly like to have got her eat up by sharks, by giggiting her off in the boat out to sea when she wa'n't more'n three years old, I always have thought he was a misfortin' in that family, and I think so now." Here broke in Mrs. Eaton, a thrifty energetic widow of a deceased sea-captain, who had been left with a tidy little fortune which commanded the respect of the neighborhood. Mrs. Eaton had entered silently during the discussion, but of course had come, as every other woman had that afternoon, with views to be expressed upon the subject.

"For my part," she said, as she stuck a decisive needle into the first clam-shell pattern, "*I* a'n't so sure that all the advantage in this match is on Moses Pennel's part. Mara Lincoln is a good little thing, but she a'n't fitted to help a man along—she'll always be wantin' somebody to help her. Why, I 'member goin' a voyage with Cap'n Eaton, when I saved the ship if anybody did—it was allowed on all hands. Cap'n Eaton wasn't hearty at that time, he was jist gettin' up from a fever—it was when Marthy Ann was a baby, and I jist took her and went to sea and took care of him. I used to work the longitude for him and help him lay the ship's course when his head was bad—and when we came on the coast, we were kept out of harbor beatin' about nearly three weeks, and all the ship's tackling was stiff with ice, and I tell you the men never would have stood it through and got the ship in if it hadn't been for me. I kept their mittens and stockings all the while a-dryin' at my stove in the cabin, and hot coffee all the while a-boilin' for 'em, or I believe they'd a-frozen their hands and feet, and never been able to work the ship in. That's the way *I* did. Now Sally Kittridge is a great deal more like that than Mara."

"There's no doubt that Sally is smart," said Mrs. Badger, "but then it a'n't every one can do like you, Mrs. Eaton."

"Oh no, oh no," was murmured from mouth to mouth; "Mrs. Eaton mustn't think she's any rule for others—everybody knows she can do more than most people," whereat the pacified Mrs. Eaton said "she didn't know as it was anything remarkable—it showed what anybody might do, if they'd only *try* and have resolution; but that Mara never had been brought up to have resolution—and her mother never had resolution before her, it wa'n't in any of Mary Pennel's family—she knew their grandmother and all their aunts, and they were all a weakly set, and not fitted to get along in life—they were a kind of people that somehow didn't seem to know how to *take hold* of things."

At this moment the consultation was hushed up by the entrance of Sally Kittridge and Mara, evidently on the closest terms of intimacy, and more than usually demonstrative and affectionate—they would sit together and use each other's needles, scissors, thread, and thimbles interchangeably, as if anxious to express every minute the most overflowing confidence. Sly winks and didactic nods were covertly exchanged among the elderly people, and when Mrs. Kittridge entered with more than usual airs of impressive solemnity, several of these were covertly directed toward her, as a matron whose views in life must have been considerably darkened by the recent event.

Mrs. Kittridge, however, found an opportunity to whisper under her breath to Miss Ruey what a relief to her it was that the affair had taken such a turn. She had felt uneasy all summer for fear of what might come. Sally was so thoughtless and worldly, she felt afraid that he would lead her astray. She didn't see, for her part, how a professor of religion like Mara *could* make up her mind to such an unsettled kind of fellow, even if he did seem to be rich and well to do. But then she had done looking for consistency; and she sighed and vigorously applied herself to quilting like one who has done with the world.

In return, Miss Ruey sighed and took snuff, and related for the hundredth time to Mrs. Kittridge the great escape she once had from the addresses of Abram Peters, who had turned out a "poor drunken creatur." But then it was only natural that Mara should be interested in Moses; and the good soul went off into her favorite verse—

"The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we drive them thence."

In fact, Miss Ruey's sentimental vein was in quite a gushing state, for she more than once extracted from the dark corners of the limp calico thread-case we have spoken of certain long-treasured *morceaux* of newspaper poetry, of a tender and sentimental cast, which she had laid up with true Yankee economy, in case any one should ever be in a situation to need them. They related principally to the union of kindred hearts, and the joys of reciprocated feeling, and the pains of absence. Good Miss Ruey occasionally passed these to Mara, with glances full of meaning, which caused the poor old thing to resemble a sentimental goblin, keeping Sally Kittridge in a perfect hysterical tempest of suppressed laughter, and making it difficult for Mara to preserve the decencies of life toward her well-intending old friend. The trouble with poor Miss Ruey was that, while her body had grown old and crazy, her soul was just as juvenile as ever—and a simple, juvenile soul disporting itself in a crazy, battered old body, is at great disadvantage. It was lucky for her, however, that she lived in the most sacred unconsciousness of the ludicrous effect of her little indulgences, and the pleasure she took in them was certainly of the most harmless kind. The world would be a far better and more enjoyable place than it is, if all people who are old and uncomely could find amusement as innocent and Christian-like as Miss Ruey's inoffensive thread-case collection of sentimental truisms.

This quilting of which we speak was a solemn, festive occasion of the parish, held a week after Moses had sailed away; and so *piquante* a morsel as a recent engagement could not, of course, fail to be served up for the company in every variety of garnishing which individual tastes might suggest.

It became an ascertained fact, however, in the course of the evening festivities, that the minister was serenely approbative of the event; that Captain Kittridge was at length brought to a sense of the errors of his way in supposing that Sally had ever cared a pin for Moses more than as a mutual friend and confidant; and the great affair was settled without more ripples of discomposure than usually attend similar announcements in more refined society.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM IN THE UNION THAT IS TO BE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The stirring events of the last few weeks leave no room for doubt of the complete restoration of the Union. In all human probability, the war need not last sixty days longer; even with average bad management, faithlessness, insincerity, and inefficiency, the next Fourth of July must find us reunited, at peace, and submissive to the Constitution and laws. A rebellion which has, within a few weeks, experienced such a succession of disasters as those of Mill Spring, Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson can hardly hope again to make head against its victorious adversaries. The net losses of the rebels in these recent conflicts cannot fall below 30,000 men, of whom fully 20,000 have been taken prisoners, with not less than 100 cannon, 20,000 small arms, and great quantities of munitions. The *materiel* expended by the Confederates in these collisions, or lost by reason of their defeats and flights, cannot have cost them less than ten millions of dollars, while such officers as Zollicoffer, Buckner, and O. J. Wise are not readily replaced. But the moral effect of these defeats is even more important than the material losses. Kentucky and Missouri are confirmed to the Union. Tennessee is palpably shaken, and would to-day give a majority for the Union if a fair election could be held. Virginia shows palpable evidence of weariness of the war, and of growing boldness on the part of her long silent and desponding Unionists. Whatever visitations of Divine chastisement may yet be in store for us, there is to-day good ground for the prevalent conviction that a few weeks will see the last of this most unnatural and atrocious rebellion.

And what then?

Are we to have a fresh Compromise, whereby Slavery shall secure a fresh lease not only of life but of power?

Is it to be agreed that the rebellion was only an innocent mistake—that the South distrusted and dreaded the North because of Mr. Lincoln's election, and, supposing the latter hostile to Slavery, flew to arms in defense of her beloved "institution;" but that, after the squandering of One Hundred Thousand lives and One Thousand Million Dollars, she has become convinced that she was mistaken, and that the new Administration is not outdone by any predecessor in its devotion to Man-stealing?

Are we to have one of those old-fashioned settlements wherein the strong reconciled their conflicting claims by despoiling the weak to the extent necessary to the gratification of their mutual greed?

Are we to have the Union restored at the expense of Liberty, Justice, and Humanity?

Are we to sell the Right for customers and cotton?

The answers to be given to these questions deeply concern the good name and future well-being of our country. Let us consider.

For nearly a year past, the American Republic has seemed to most outsiders in the agonies of dissolution. Her industry has been paralyzed, her trade interrupted, her prosperity overthrown. For nearly a year, she has been pouring out treasure and blood in unprecedented profusion to vindicate her integrity and retain her place among the nations. Her people have all but universally suffered anxiety, humiliation, and loss. For months, they seemed on the brink of war with the greatest Naval power of Europe—possibly with the greatest Military power also. And, two months ago, it seemed to most men that painful years and enormous sacrifices would yet be required to put her domestic foes under her feet.

Who is the chief of those enemies? Why is it that the people of this country are now warring upon each other, and many of them firing upon that flag that was so lately the pride and glory of us all?

Who does not know that the one cause of dissension, disloyalty, and hatred among us is HUMAN SLAVERY?—that, but for this, no thousand men could have been rallied in any part of this broad country to make war on the American Union?

Who does not realize that, were Slavery abolished to-morrow, there would be no remaining reason for conflict among us, and no desire to protract the existing struggle?

Who knows a man on all this broad continent who wishes success to the rebellion who is not a vehement partisan of Slavery?

Can any man doubt that it is Slavery alone that fomented this else most unnatural and irrational conspiracy to destroy the noblest frame-work of government by which Man was ever blessed? None! None!

Now suppose a compromise could be effected which would restore the precise state of things that existed prior to Secession—that would return Mason and Hunter, Bocock and Pryor, Breckinridge and Bright, Toombs and Cobb, Chesnut and Wigfall, Benjamin and Polk, to the Senate, and put the control of Congress and the Supreme Court virtually into their hands—what would recompense the loyal people of the Free States for the sufferings and sacrifices imposed on them by the rebellion? What would be their security against a new rebellion whenever a Floyd in the War Department can have stolen and carried off Government arms enough to uphold it?

Wherein is our indemnity for the past? Wherein our security for the future?

Among the European observers and thinkers who sympathize with the American Republic in its desperate struggle with its parricidal assailants, there can hardly be one who does not hope that this war will terminate the existence of Slavery. And it may confidently be affirmed that there is *not* one who does not deem such a result eminently, transcendently desirable.

Slavery clenched the Nation in a death-grapple. It has lost, though it long seemed likely to win. If, now, instead of giving up the ghost like a penitent malefactor, it insists on reclaiming all the privileges it enjoyed before its rebellion,—on having all it risked restored to it, and even an enlargement of its conceded bounds,—why will it not have regained by diplomacy all that it forfeited by rebellion?

And why should this triumph be conceded to the head traitor of yesterday?

What moral obligation now rests on the North to resume the odious, loathsome work of returning fugitives from Southern slavery? Is it not plainly impossible that this shall generally be done? If so, is it not criminal to promise what we cannot perform?

With what emotions shall we hear that, in consequence of the Compromise of 1862, Slavery has been established in Arizona and New Mexico, while secret armaments, looking to the conquest of Cuba from Spain, have been resumed since the close of our civil war, and are being vigorously pushed on, under the cover of the machinery of secret societies?

Nearly Two Millions of American freemen made a noble record for themselves in November, 1860. In defiance of threats and every form of mean appeal to sordid influences, they voted that—not even to avert a Civil War—would they consent to the further diffusion of Slavery under the sway of the Union. Can those they then placed in power forget or defy the convictions they thus proclaimed?

Fellow-citizens! listen not to beguiling words! If we are faithful to principle, we may leave results to Divine Providence. The Nation will live, though individuals may die. The one question which will dwarf all others in any true history of this war, will be, How was Slavery affected by its progress and result? If its event should prove the death of Slavery—not necessarily this year, but at some time—the historian must say that the sacrifices and sufferings of the contest have been nobly blessed; but if the institution shall be strengthened and fortified by a compromise at the close, then will much misery have been braved, much precious blood lavished, essentially in vain.

PIRACY—WHAT IS IT?

BY LEWIS TAPPAN.

About forty years since, the Congress of the United States enacted a law making the slave-trade (the foreign slave-trade, reader!) PIRACY, and denouncing the penalty of death on every convicted slave-trader. He was to be deemed a pirate—an enemy of the human race—and executed accordingly. As a nation, we got great applause in Europe, for it was the first time any nation had stigmatized the traffic as piratical. But the applause was undeserved, because the act was suffered to become a dead letter.

Everybody knew that slave-ships were built in defiance of the law. Baltimore had the reputation of building these fast-sailing "clippers," New Yorkers furnished the capital, and New England men manned their vessels. Everybody knew that American citizens planned the voyages, that American rum, tobacco, and muskets composed the cargoes, and that American citizens, in league with Spanish and Portuguese villains, shared the profits. Everybody knew that these clippers of hell sailed for the coast of Africa, that they there took on board a Spanish or Portuguese captain and a few sailors of the same countries, that the cargo was landed, and the rum, tobacco, and gold exchanged for human beings—for men, women, and children, chiefly the latter—that these "cargoes of despair" (except that part which had found death and a watery grave during the "middle passage") were taken to the Brazils or Cuba, or our own coast.

The eminent British and American diplomatists that negotiated the treaty of Ghent, at the conclusion of the war of 1812, introduced a clause by which the contracting parties (England and the United States) obligated themselves to do all they could to repress and break up the trade. At a later period, these Governments covenanted with each other to keep armed cruisers on the African coast, to carry out in good faith the provisions of the treaty of Ghent.

The British Government, more faithful than ours, kept up their armament and made it efficient, while our ships of war, officered generally by Southern men, did little or nothing. England suggested a remedy, viz., that her officers should be authorized to board vessels under the American flag, and if ascertained to be slave-ships, take them into port. But no, our Government indignantly refused; it would not submit to such an "insult," although the liberty to board suspected vessels was to be reciprocal. Consequently, as the British squadron captured many slave-trading vessels, and the American squadron very few, the United States soon had the bad reputation of winking at the foreign slave-trade, and refusing to carry out, with fidelity, our treaty obligations.

Now and then, when the cases were flagrant, American men-of-war brought into port a slave-trading vessel, or a vessel about to sail from our ports was seized as a suspected slave-ship. Libels were instituted, trials took place, and once in a while, but rarely, convictions occurred. But no punishment followed! The courts declared that the law was defective, public rumor insinuated that marshals and deputy-marshals were bribed, that witnesses were spirited away, that jurors were corrupted; and when conviction took place, the prosecuting attorney unblushingly said public opinion was opposed to the enforcement of the statute; or if in spite of his *sang-froid* or the indifference of the judge, a felon was convicted, and judgment pronounced upon him, executive clemency was interposed, so that in one or more of these ways the piratical villains escaped punishment, and were left to plan and pursue new voyages.

When the Republican Administration came into power, a year since, with its anti-slavery proclivities, a marked change was the natural result; the court straightened itself, the imbecile attorney walked out of the temple of justice, and the sympathizing marshal hid himself. The United States court-room, the District Attorney's office, and the Marshal's apartments, were exorcised. New men took the place of old incumbents. Vermont lent the temple of justice a fearless and upright judge, the Young Men's Republican Committee sent its youthful chairman to occupy the post of District Attorney, and a faithful and intrepid harbor-master was found to fill the office of Marshal. Nobly have these officers performed their duty. Intimidation has been of no avail, legal finesse has been unsuccessful, executive interposition has been invoked in vain, and the month of February has witnessed the first public execution of a piratical slave-trader under the law of forty years' standing!

By that law slave-trading is deemed PIRACY—if the robbery is on the coast of Africa or upon the high seas. This is called the *foreign* slave-trade. But since the formation of this Republic, the slave-trade has been carried on between Virginia and New Orleans, and between other slave states, and even between the District of Columbia—the City of Washington!—and the slave states, with impunity. This domestic slave-trade has been deemed lawful. Those engaged in it have not been ashamed of it nor subjected to punishment or general odium. "The law allowed it." And yet, what is the intrinsic difference between the foreign and the domestic slave-trade? None whatever. In a moral point of view, and doubtless in the mind of God, they are one and inseparable. Both are trading in the "bodies and souls of men," and are considered capital offenses by the law of God.

During the anti-slavery discussions, from 1832 to the present time, the Abolitionists have contended that the domestic slave-trade is as bad as the foreign slave-trade, and slaveholders, finding they could not answer this allegation, have turned round and said, "Well, the domestic slave-trade is lawful, and the foreign slave-trade is no worse than the domestic slave-trade." In this way they have endeavored to divert public attention and screen themselves from public odium. This has been their last resort. Aided by Northern ministers (among whom are found a New England president of a college and a New England bishop) who have volunteered to demonstrate by sophistical arguments that the Bible allowed slaveholding, they have been too successful in debauching public sentiment, and in making the worse appear the better reason. Even during the late trial of the slave-trading pirate, counsel contended that it was wrong to convict a man for being engaged in the foreign slave-trade when the domestic slave-trade was lawful and respectable.

Gordon, the pirate, who at the early age of thirty-eight had carried out five slave-trading voyages, has expiated his crimes on the gallows, while other American pirates—ship-owners, merchants, sea-captains, supercargoes, seamen, consignees, stockholders—Spanish, Portuguese, English, French, and American, walk the streets or pursue their voyages, for the present unhung. Let them take warning. A righteous retribution may overtake them. The gallows may yet be their portion. Some of them are known; others are suspected. The officers of justice are vigilant, and are on their track. The burning eye of Omniscience beholds them. Let them be assured that their doom is certain—here or hereafter.

Meantime, three hundred and forty-eight thousand American slaveholders (save and excepting those who have, during the existing slaveholders' rebellion, fled from their slaves) are engaged in the domestic slave-trade, a sin against God and a crime against man, a practice of the moral type of the foreign slave-trade, and which therefore may justly be called PIRACY. And this is sanctioned, they say, by the Constitution! Families are placed upon the auction-block, and husbands, wives, and children are sold in lots or separately, to suit purchasers; the backs and legs of young men and maidens are branded with hot irons;* nameless outrages are perpetrated upon women by human monsters, and woe, lamentation, and death-groans are heard throughout the slave states.

American citizens!—fathers, mothers, philanthropists, and Christians—how long shall such deeds of wickedness be suffered to exist? How long shall man, made in the image of God, be chattelized in this country? How long shall the cause of the rebellion be suffered to remain? Slavery stands convicted of piracy before high heaven, before Israel and the sun. Its neck can now be laid upon the block. Shall not the blow be struck? Will it not be pleasing to the great Ruler of nations, and will it not result in the peace, prosperity, and renown of the American people?

"The people are not ready for such an act," say some. Then, we answer, the Almighty is not ready to save us from the calamities of war. He brought plagues upon Egypt because the Pharaohs of that day would not let his people go. Will he spare this guilty land if we persist in enslaving those who are as dear to him as were the Israelites? Do any reply, the Constitution forbids interference with slavery in the states? If it be so, I have examined that instrument in vain. The war power authorizes the Commander-in-Chief, of our army and navy to put an end to slavery; the power of Congress to "provide for the general welfare" is an authorization to put an end to slavery; the honor, safety, peace, tranquillity, and endurance of the Republic require that a system that has brought about the present disastrous conflict, and will, if continued, ever endanger the peace, union, and stability of the states, should be superseded by a proclamation of liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.

If the people desire it, emancipation is practicable and safe. No private right need be infringed—no constitutional provision violated. "Where there is a will, there is a way." The negroes can be converted into industrious, peaceful, happy laborers on the soil of their birth. The nation can be tranquillized. Industry can resume its wonted activities. The lives of sons and brothers can be protected. Our treasure can be preserved. The business of the country can be resumed. The nation can be saved. Now is the time! A tremendous responsibility then rests upon the constituted authorities of the nation—upon the Congress now in session, and upon the President and his constitutional advisers. The voice of God speaks to them in the events of the day:

"HEAR IT, YE STATESMEN! HEAR THIS TRUTH SUBLIME:
HE WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION, SHARES THE CRIME!"

* A young woman now in this city, a fugitive from slavery, has scars upon her back and upon both of her legs, the effect of branding. After the death of John Brown, her master branded all the slaves on his plantation.

NATIONAL FREEDMAN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens of New York, held at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of Thursday, the 20th day of February, 1862, William C. Bryant in the chair, a Committee was appointed to take such measures as may be necessary for the Relief and Protection of the Emancipated Negroes, now with and near the National forces in the rebel states, and to act as a National Committee to correspond and co-operate with other Committees throughout the country on the same subject.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Friday evening, Feb 21, Mr. Bryant in the chair,

It was Resolved, That an appeal be made at once to the humane throughout the country to form Auxiliary Committees, and contribute means and efforts toward the object in view.

Therefore, the undersigned appeal to the people throughout the whole land to aid in the work, and appoint Committees in all cities, villages, and towns, to co-operate with the Parent Committee.

The object in view is one of the highest interest and importance, namely, that of aiding to solve the problem, what shall we do with the negroes when emancipated?

Already thousands of slaves have been practically emancipated by the events of the war, and great additions will be made to the number as our armies continue to advance.

To teach them civilization and Christianity, to imbue them with notions of order, industry, economy, and self-reliance, to elevate them in the scale of humanity by inspiring them with self-respect, is the work that is before us.

To this end we ask the co-operation of the wise and the good everywhere.

There is an immediate and pressing necessity for clothing for the freedmen at Port Royal and its vicinity, and donations for that purpose of plain substantial clothing, new or second-hand, suitable for men, women, and children, are asked for without delay, to be sent directed to the Association, at No. 320 Broadway, New York.

Donations in money may be sent to Joseph B. Collins, the Treasurer, at No. 40 Wall st.

New York, Feb. 22, 1862.

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Sermon

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.*

"For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."—2 Cor. vi. 16.

The apostle was writing to Corinthians. There were at Corinth both Jews and Greeks. Differing in a thousand matters, both had substantially a like belief in regard to the inhabiting of a temple by a divine spirit. To the Jew it was Jehovah, and at Jerusalem, and in the Hebrew temple; but the Jew fervently believed that God's presence and power were in some mysterious manner within that great temple. It was God's dwelling-place by more than a mere figure of speech. There was a power there; there was a glory there; there was an indwelling presence there. Not in the same fullness as in heaven, but in such a sense as made the place holy, reverend, awful. The temple had a divine soul.

The Greek had, to be sure, another idea of God—many other ideas of God; and many temples; and his notions were far less noble of the attributes of divinity. Yet, that his God dwelt in some such sense in a temple as a man dwells in his own house, was his fervent faith. And in that regard the Jew and the Greek stood on precisely the same ground.

Now the apostle, knowing how such language must be understood, quoted this passage, and of course designed to be understood as teaching the early disciple that the human body and soul were to God's Spirit what they had always believed temples to be to divinity. He transferred all their standing convictions from a temple of stone to a body of flesh, and said to them, substantially, "As you believe that God dwells in a temple, understand that you are yourself that temple. He dwells in you."

I wish to call your attention, this morning, to the great Christian truth of an indwelling Savior.

I. The New Testament abundantly, and in great variety of methods, teaches that there is such a relation possible between the soul and Jesus Christ, as shall be fitly represented by the terms, *dwelling in; abiding with; entering into; living with; visiting; supping with; communing; conversing; consoling; inspiring; guiding.* In short, the whole language of the household, and of affectional life, is transferred to Christ in his relations to his disciples. And it is not in the power of human language to teach or infer a truth, if it be not taught in the New Testament that there is to Christians the power of entering into such relations with the Lord Jesus Christ as they understand and experience in their intercourse one with another, except that they are transcendently higher, broader, and more full of certainty and of satisfaction. It is not this: that there is a certain kind of relation between man and God, which, for want of something better, may be figuratively described by terms taken from human intercourse and conditions; but this: that there are relations between man and God, which are just as intimate as human relations. They represent, not that which is less nor other, but that which is more and greater, than any human relations. For figurative language stands related to truth as a miniature does to a person. A miniature is a figurative expression of a person. And wherein does it differ from the original? In this: that it is not so large, so full, nor so much. But no man would think of throwing away a miniature because it did not come up, in size, fullness, and quantity, to the original. And when the Bible speaks of the coming of Christ to men, it does it recognizing the weakness of language. He does come in a fuller sense than language is capable of conveying to our understanding. When the Bible speaks of Christ as abiding in the hearts of his children, it does it in language which is nearest capable of expressing the thought. But the relation of parents with children is more fulfilled in Christ's coming to us, a thousandfold, than it is between parents and children.

Let us read a few passages to see what is the uniform testimony of the Word of God on this subject. Recollecting our text, let us take some of the other scattered collateral texts.

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one: and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." "And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them."

"We, being many, are one body in Christ."

"Strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

"He that keepeth his commandments, dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us."

"Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him."

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me."

These are but single specimens. They will recall to your mind, at once, the fact that such passages are scattered all through the New Testament. They are, if I may so say, the familiar and colloquial expression of the New Testament on this subject.

Although the figures used to convey the meaning are figures of inclosures, signifying indwelling, as of men in houses, or tents, or temples, yet, we are not to be caught by the physical element, so as to lose the real significance of this teaching. For in families, homes, houses, habitations, the inclosure is a mere accident. It is that which serves to bring together, and to keep together; whereas the being together is the thing that makes home and household, and not the fact that there is a roof above, and that there are walls around about. When we say *hearth*, or *hearthstone*, every heart bounds, because hearth means heart, and not the fire-place. We mean the group, and not the place around about which the group are seated. And when we say *roof-tree*, every heart bounds because it means those that the roof covers. The roof is for those that are under it. And it is always the people, the family, that are meant when these expressions are employed.

We are to remember, then, that the use of the term *into*, as referring to buildings, is for the purpose of separating men from the whole, and giving them to each other, specially as the members of one family or circle of friends. The physical fact of being in a house, is quite subordinate to the chief thing, that congenial persons are brought into circumstances which imply and favor converse, helpfulness, interchange of affection, the action of their living and moving life upon each other.

And when God is said to dwell in men, if we commence an analysis of the matter, to see whether it can be in the brain, in the heart, or in any other part of the body, we shall surely stumble on a figure, and raise up numberless objections derived from the mere physical conditions, which really have nothing to do with the question in hand.

For we are to interpret *divine presence, divine company, divine abiding, divine indwelling*, as teaching us the presence of the divine mind with ours, simply. It is being together that is meant: not living together in a temple or in a house. What is meant is contact of mind with mind, heart with heart, soul with soul. It is the action of the divine mind upon ours, and our intercourse with it, so that there shall be a real personal living together, or intersphering of two beings, not only as much as friends do that dwell under one roof, as husband and wife do, but more intimate, more constant, and more literal and efficacious. Two human spheres, both ignorant, and both finding each other through symbols and conventional signs, and never, either of them, seeing, once in his whole life, the other's real self, or soul, or being, but only the signs it makes through the body, the flags it hangs out, the signals it gives, cannot be so intersphered as when God and a human soul commingle. When human beings come together, and dwell together, they are not together except outwardly by signs and symbols. God absolutely sees the spirits of men as we never see each other's spirit. And as we can only in an imperfect manner commingle our being, one with another, in this world, the purest friendship which we know anything about is rather the anticipation of a thing than the thing itself. Men seem to think that there can be no such indwelling between the soul and God, as there is between friend and friend; but the indwelling between friend and friend is the weak side. You do not dwell together. It probably has never happened since the world was created, that two human souls lay parallel, and touched each other at all points.

God not only sees spirit, but he absolutely knows. Our ignorance is such that we alone could not find him; but he most easily finds us, and unerringly. As an infant of days, feeling hunger, strives to find its mother's breast, but of itself cannot, and must cry and suffer and starve, and yet does neither, because the mother brings it to her bosom, whither it could not find its own way, so God brings us to himself. We have yearnings and longings, but we do not know what they mean, nor whither to go for their gratification; but God puts his arm about us, and presses us to his own bosom. With infinite ease he surrounds our souls with his presence, lays the fire of his love upon the altar of our heart, pierces to the springs and sources of life, drops upon our suffering soul restfulness, suffuses our drooping courage with the hopefulness of his own amazing courage, and, by those divine feelings that among men must communicate by words, but that in God communicate by sympathy, by soul-touch, by interfusion of spirit upon spirit, dissuades every fear, removes every care, inspires love and joy, and fills the soul with the radiance of an unutterable peace.

This is the teaching of the New Testament. It is one of the most amazing of teachings.

II. What, now, are some of the methods of this soul-communion with God? It may be conscious, or unconscious. If it be conscious, it is said to be by faith. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." What, then, are we to understand by faith? In its generic sense, faith is the taking cognizance by the soul of truths without the employment of the senses; by the direct and normal use of its own internal faculties. It is the recognition by the mind of truths that have no exponential representation. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is conviction in the mind of truth where there is nothing that the eye can see. Scientific knowledge depends upon the presentation of truths to the senses; but faith has reference to truths that never present themselves to the senses. It has to do with the primary action of the moral feelings themselves.

How does the mother know that her son in a distant camp remembers and loves her? How does she know that in wounding and suffering he sighs her name? How does she know that in the delirium of fever he talks of her? Not by sight, or hearing, or any other sense. Yet she knows it. Her soul knows it. It is certain of it, because it interprets the lore of love, that the senses cannot interpret.

How do we know honor, virtue, conscience, in short, moral sentiment and affection? In the same way that we do chemical elements? Are there tests of these things such as chemists have of the substances with which they deal? Does your mind recognize them as geologists do earths and rocks? Is it through the ministration of the senses that you gain your knowledge of them? No; it is through the intuition of the moral sentiments. We know about love because the feeling interprets it, without the instrumentality of ear, or eye, or any other sense. And the same is true of conscience and virtue and honor. There is an inward knowledge of these things; and that knowledge is called faith. All that we recognize by soul-knowledge is of the realm of faith.

And so men see God. It is by a recognition of interior states that we know his presence. It is the soul, and not the body, that converses with God: and the tests must be soul-tests. If we conceive of the indwelling of God as something that will be accompanied by sounds, as of footsteps, or by voices, speaking; or, if we conceive of it as something that has physical exponents, we shall miss it. But if we conceive of it as something in the nature of sensibility, feeling, affection, the fire of the inward life as of some solar presence, then we shall be reaching in the right direction.

But we are not to rely alone upon any power that we possess. We must help ourselves to these interior states by the reading of God's Word. What is God's Word? It is so much of the knowledge of himself as he has been pleased, from age to age, to pour out in the experiences of good men; and by going to that we may help ourselves to form right conceptions of him. There is nothing in the Bible that in and of itself will bring you into the presence of God. It is reading it rightly, properly, that will help us to find him. By prayer we can bring ourselves into the conscious presence of God. We can do it by cultivating those states of feeling which are sympathetic with the divine feeling. In some states of mind it is impossible to ever see God. There are some states that favor a recognition of God, and these are the higher moral states. We may also do it by training ourselves to see nature to be the hand-work of God, as the psalmist and the prophets did, and to feel that God is moving in our midst in his work of nature. And so in reference to the providences of God. A devout mind may have such a sense of God's providences that the flow of events, day by day, shall seem like the driving before him of God's chariot.

These are all helps to a recognition of the divine presence, but they all converge on one thing. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." What is the meaning of that? If you begin at the bottom of life, if you begin at the conditions of the body, you can never see God. Seeing God does not belong to the body. No man can have any consciousness of God's presence while he dwells under the power of his appetites and passions. The lower affections, love of property, the propelling energies—none of these will reveal God to a man. If a man dwells in mere reason, God will not be interpreted to him, except remotely. But when a man dwells in those feelings that may be said to be divine, and that are the highest of which the soul is capable, he has come into the atmosphere where God himself dwells, and into that sympathetic condition in which the presence of God reports itself to his mind. It is only when we are in those higher feelings that we are capable of recognizing the divine presence.

III. What, then, has been the experience of multitudes of Christians in answer to this declaration and truth of the text? Is it a truth that has a foundation anywhere else except in the Bible? Yes. If there is any truth that has never died out more than any other, it is the truth that God comes to men in hours of emergency, in hours of devotion, and in hours of want. About this truth there has never been any division of opinion.

But what have been the fruits wrought out by this truth in the minds of those that believed they had communion with God? It has always produced among his people a sense of great unworthiness on account of voluntary transgression. When Job defended himself against his well-meaning but foolish adversaries, he was not humbled nor abated in one jot or tittle of his claims of righteousness; but when God appeared to him, he said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself." Abhorrence is inevitably the experience of the soul in the presence of God—the initial experience, at any rate.

I recollect the first lectures that I ever printed. After they had been delivered, and I had been requested to allow them to be published, I thought I would read a little on the subjects of which they treated, to see if I could not make them better; and I was so unfortunate as to get hold of the Sermons of Dr. Barrow—the man that the king characterized as the most unfair of preachers, because he left nothing for anybody that came after him to say. My first lecture was on Idleness, so I took his sermon on Idleness, and commenced reading it; but before I had read it half through I found that he had said all that I had, and a great deal more, and said it a great deal better than I was capable of saying it; and I snatched up my manuscript, and threw it across the room, and said, "Lie there! I will never be such a fool as to print that."

The feeling that was thus, perhaps, ludicrously displayed in authorship, is but one of a class of feelings which men experience when they measure themselves by that which is transcendently superior to them. There has been many and many a fool who has thought that he was born to be an artist, but who mistook his vocation, and never found out that anybody painted better than he did. There is many a would-be artist of this sort that has gone to see the noblest productions of the greatest painters, and returned to his own miserable daubs with a feeling of entire satisfaction. But was there ever a true artist, a man that had art in his soul, who, when he went to see a master-piece, did not say, instantly, "I will go home and burn my worthless pictures?" It is almost invariably a sign of manhood—this self-renunciation; this sense of absolute or relative inferiority in the presence of things transcendently better than we can produce.

And the moment a man is brought consciously into the presence of God, so that he sees what divine justice is, what divine love is, and what the supreme glory of the divine realm of mercy is, and so that he says, "I see him!" the revelation is tremendous, and he feels like saying, with Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." This contrast, this measuring, carries judgment with it, and therefore lowers a man in his own estimation, makes him humble, and causes him to walk softly before God.

The indwelling of Christ also works out the fruit of enlightening and teaching. It fills the soul-lamp, as it were, with oil, so that it burns with undying flame. I do not undertake to say that this is the only method by which men receive knowledge from God.

Did you ever see, on the top of Mount Holyoke, the Catskills, or any other range of mountains, the clouds, as they sailed through the air, throw down great islands of shade and gladness along the whole side? Some people seem to think that God sends knowledge on the human soul in the same way; that it falls on them as a substantial thing.

I do not undertake to say that it is not so; but I say that there is no evidence of its being so. What we do know to be true is this: that the infusion of the divine Spirit on ours wakes up the knowing feelings and faculties, so that we come to a knowledge of God. It is the nature of God's mind, when resting on ours, to give us possession of ourselves. It gives us to ourselves in a state in which we are peculiarly fitted to know. And so we are taught of the divine presence with ourselves.

It is sometimes asked, "How do we know the difference between our own mind's action, and that which consists of the presence of God with us?" We do not know it. When the mother sits with the child, and mingles her feelings with its feelings, do you suppose the child can disentangle them, and tell what part is of the mother, and what part is of itself? The mind of the mother is stimulating the child's mind, and it is impossible to tell what belongs to the one, and what to the other. They are inseparable.

The same truth is implied in the passage, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." We cannot separate that part of knowledge which is of ourselves, and that part which God inspired in us, because God inspired it by making us *will and do*. It was wrought out by us. You might as well ask what part of the sounds of an organ are the organist's, and what part are the organ's, as to ask what part of the action of our mind is of God, and what part is of ourselves. The organist touches certain keys, and the organ gives forth certain sounds, but there is no such thing as separating between the inception of music and the infusion of it in a musical instrument. And we may say that the infusion of God's Spirit in the soul, on the soul, or with the soul, cannot be distinguished from the action of the soul itself.

But there are other effects of the presence of God. While it stimulates the knowing part of the mind, it peculiarly enriches the feelings. In the first place, it has the power of producing a sense of that which is true, and pure, and just, and right.

Many men have in their religious experience such days as we have in August—hazy days, in which the horizon, though not obscured, gleams and shimmers afar off; in which the mountains and hills cannot be plainly seen, because the valleys and indentations are filled up with the haze; in which things seem remote and indistinct. You go out with a friend to show him the scenery, and find it necessary to apologize for the unfavorable state of the atmosphere, which renders it impossible for him to form any adequate conception of the beauty of the spectacle that is presented when the air is clear. You retire for the night, and while you sleep there is a purifying shower; and when you wake up in the morning, behold, how near everything seems! That far distant line that you could scarcely trace—how it stands out! Every mountain, every hill, every tree can be clearly seen. You walk in the crystal atmosphere feeling that you have had a new world brought to you, or else that a new eye has been given to you with which to see the world that was there.

It is just exactly so with the soul. There are days in which all moral distinctions seem to be rubbed out; in which hazy doubts, nebulous, and skepticisms fill the mind; or in which we are too languid to comprehend truths when they are presented. But there are also storm-born days, as it were, in which things seem plain and real—God, heaven, everything; and in which, above all, there is such a sense of honor, of truth, of love, of all the great moral sentiments, that men say, "I want no argument; I want no proof; I *know* that these things are true." These are days in which the soul is acting under the visitation of God's Spirit. In other words, they are days in which God takes possession of a man's moral sentiments.

And besides, in these fruition days there is wonderful enjoyment and comfort. They give us the meaning of the divine teaching, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Did you ever think how horses must feel, that have been on the road all the week, tugging, tugging, tugging, through the mud, over the corduroy, up hill, and down hill, before the everlasting heavy wagon, when Sunday morning comes, and the traces are unhooked, and the harness is thrown off, and they are turned for one long day into the pasture? What a mystery Sunday must be to horses!—that day of rest that makes them feel as though life was something besides *pull*.

Now, men are horses in a certain sense. They are harnessed to cares and drudgeries, and they are tugging, pulling, tugging, all the week. The collar galls the shoulder, and the buckle frets the thigh. And oh! what is the feeling of relief which we experience when there comes a day in which the whole harness is stripped off, and we are turned into green pastures, by the side of still waters, with no load to pull, no burden to carry, no journey to perform, no work to do, that we may disport ourselves only with higher faculties, and in nobler enjoyments!

There are days in which men feel that the abundance of the things which they possess does not constitute their life; in which they have a sense of their manhood, and of that inward development, that soul-growth, which is to go on within them for ever and for ever in the eternal sphere. There are days in which men feel that they are indeed the uncrowned sons of God, walking yet in disguise. We are not what we seem. Men sometimes disguise their treasure. They put it in rusty caskets, or wrap it up in old papers, that others may not suspect what it is. Princes' children, who wish to travel unmolested, that they may render their education more complete, travel incognito. And we are all of us carrying wondrous treasures in rusty caskets. We are princes' children walking alone for education. And we almost forget what we are, and whither we tend. But there are some days in which a sense of our nature and destiny comes back to us, and the soul glows and flames as it contemplates the wealth of a being that allies us to God, from whom we came, and to whom we go again, bearing his image from the cradle to the grave, and thence on, for ever and for ever.

No prophet ever said these things in words. No priest ever could teach them by instruction or sermon. They are soul-knowings, which come when God's soul rests down upon ours.

The sunlight makes the violet blossom. No surgeon's instrument can make flowers bloom, and no hammer can drive them forth. But the sweet, persuading sun can call them out. A seed is planted. The sun looks, and kisses the place, and a root starts. It looks again, and kisses the place again, and a green plant appears above the ground! It looks once more, and kisses the place once more, and a beautiful white blossom unfolds itself!

And thus it is with the soul. No logic can pry out these things. No philosophy can drive them forth. But let God's sweet, persuading soul rest upon ours a while, and they come up and blossom. The soul is the garden of the Lord.

Now, the days in which these things are experienced may be very fugitive; but do you call them days of fancy? Do you attribute them to some accidental conjunction of circumstances, to watching, or to stimulus of one sort or another? I do not know what the causes are that bring the mind into such a condition that a recognition of these things is possible; but I say that the things are there beforehand.

The old astronomer who has gone to Greenland to see some strange planet that cannot be seen elsewhere, waits weeks and months for an opportunity to make an observation, the planet all the time being so obscured that he cannot find it. At last there comes a day in which, for an hour, the sky is unclouded and the air is clear, when he hurriedly sweeps the heavens with his telescope, and beholds the object of his search. Now, suppose somebody should say to him, "It was only an illusion: the clouds happened to be dispersed, and it was owing to a mere accidental circumstance that you saw anything!" It does not matter to what circumstance the seeing was due, the planet was there before, though he could not see it before.

And so it may be that stimulus, watching, or some accidental conjunction of circumstances, is the proximate cause of your coming into these states of recognition, but the soul never recognizes things unless they are true; and they will not be true in form as you see them except in substance and eternal verity. When in these states you touch truths that the senses do not interpret. The truths which come to you when you are in these states are of God, and are a part of the indwelling of God's Spirit.

It is not in the power of man to know anything about himself, or his deeper nature, until God has been to him what the prophet was to the Shunamite's son, when he stretched himself upon him, hand to hand, eye to eye, and lip to lip, and drew life into the child's dead body, and restored him to his mother. I love to think that God's Spirit so stretches itself and broods upon our spirits. And the true life of man only comes when lip has touched lip under such circumstances.

I need not say that when one has become familiar with such inshinings and stimulations of soul, and has been accustomed to refer them to God, he has a feeling of certainty that God dwells with him.

You may ask, "Is this a continuous indwelling or manifestation?" You are not conscious of it all the time; but it is there all the time. The child does not see the mother all the time, though she is in the house all the time. The child sleeps eight hours out of twenty-four, and during those eight hours it does not know that the father and mother are in the house; but they are there notwithstanding.

Now, God for ever dwells near, or is moving upon, or around, those that he loves, and that have opened their souls to him, though the consciousness of his presence intermits with them.

But where, from frequent recognition of it, the conviction grows that there is this presence of God with us, and that there is such communion between God's soul and ours that we are every day moving in the circuit of his thoughts and feelings, consider what courage it gives, and what patience to endure trouble. There is nothing like the consciousness of *Immanuel* for men that are fighting the battle of life. Give me, of all mottoes, "God with me." Oh, that I might write it on my child's cradle—"Immanuel: God with us." Oh, that I might write it over the threshold of my child's entrance into wedded life—"Immanuel: God with us." Oh, that I might write upon the garments that my child wears, so that they should flame all over, to the eye of faith, the same motto—"Immanuel: God with us." Oh, that I might write it on every single book and task—"God with us." Oh, that it might be inscribed on every fear and sorrow—"God with us." I would see gleaming in the first light of the morning, those words—"God with us." And at evening, when the sun goes in glory to his rest, I would have borne back to my eyes upon its last rays the same words—"God with us." And in the silence of the night I would still have running through my mind the thought of "God with us." Always and everywhere I would have for my motto, "Immanuel! *Immanuel!* IMMANUEL!" And every man who has this for his motto will feel, "What lack I? What do I need? If God be for us, who can be against us?" And what power, what joy, what inspiration to nobleness, comes with this consideration, when it has become familiarized and domiciled!

IV. There are many who object to this sacred truth; but it will be found that those who object to it are persons that have never felt it. Let us spend a few moments in answering the objections that are brought against it.

It is said that it will not bear the tests of calm, scientific investigation. It is said that a man trained to require that evidence which science requires, would never concede that there was any such fact as the presence of the divine mind upon the human mind. My reply is, that science is not yet in a condition to test interior religious questions. Science is yet busy with the shell of the nut. It has not touched the kernel at all. There is no test as yet, of science, by which you can measure this thing. And besides, no science can ever interfere between a man and his own consciousness. You might tell me that it was not possible for me to be happy in hearing an instrument of music; and yet I might affirm that in nothing was I more happy. I might say to a Scotchman, "I do not believe it is possible that a man should take pleasure in the presence of a bagpipe,"—and I think so; and yet he might say, "There is no sound on earth that fills my soul with such pleasure as the sound of that instrument." I have nothing more to say, if he bears that witness. If that is the testimony of his inward consciousness, I cannot convict him. His consciousness stands against all reasonings and tests. If a man says, "I think," you cannot disprove his thinking. If a man says, "I feel," you cannot disprove his feeling. If a man says, "I am conscious," you cannot disprove his consciousness. And where a man says, "I am conscious that God touches me; I am conscious that from God an influence, an inspiration, an inbreathing, an empowering, comes to me, which causes my soul to mount up and kindle within me"—where a man says that, no tests can discredit it.

And I appeal, not to the voice of the church, speaking in articles of faith, but to ten thousand living Christians, who say, "It is by the presence of God with me that I have been able to maintain my hold on life." I think I may say, without fear of exaggeration, that there are a hundred persons in this church to-day, who can say, "If Christ had not abided with me, I should many and many a time have stumbled." Hundreds of times I have heard the grateful testimony, (than which there cannot be a nobler confession,) "Without the presence of God I could have done nothing: with it I can do all things." It is the soul's witness.

But it is said that this is a mere enthusiasm or fanaticism. I reply that it certainly may be an enthusiasm, but that it certainly is not a fanaticism, which is always narrow, intense, hard, disturbing. It is the very reverse of this. It may be an enthusiasm, because the term *enthusiasm* means, or originally meant, the state produced by the God in us. It comes from words signifying, "The God in us." And when the old priestesses and prophets, stirred by the Holy Ghost, prophesied, they were said to have the God in them. And when you say that this consciousness of the presence of God is enthusiasm, I say so too. That is the very doctrine—the God in us; the Spirit in us.

It works in the very direction in which we might suppose. If there were such a fact conceded as that there is a God, and that he cares for his children in this world, then this is just the way that we would suppose he would train them—namely, toward higher, nobler, better feelings; toward himself; toward more and more conscious recognitions of his presence.

But it is said, "Although there may have been single cases of conscious recognition of the presence of God, it is not to be preached as a doctrine for the whole brotherhood. It is, like a gift of prophecy, or apostleship, peculiar to the few, and not to the many." I reply, that this indwelling of God's Spirit is ordained, especially and expressly, for the whole. Like everything else, it comes more easily and fully to some than to others. Gifts of poetry, gifts of language, gifts of skill, gifts of affection, all the fundamental feelings, and the products of them, are distributed variously; and it is true that some persons rise up more easily into a consciousness of the divine presence than other persons; but in his own measure it is the gift of every one that is born into the kingdom of Christ. In other words, I declare your sonship to you. I announce to you that you may evermore be in the conscious presence of your Father.

But it is said, "If this is so, is it not surprising that so few persons have had this experience?" I answer twice. First, it is not surprising. It is strictly in analogy with everything else. See what a wonderful provision God has made for all, in sun and husbandry! And yet, of the lazy races of the globe, not one man in a hundred million has made any important use of the sun. The treasures that the seasons carry are almost never unfolded. The husbandry, for six thousand years, in this world, has been such as not to touch one in a million of the things that God has laid up for men. There are but very few that have any adequate conception of the provision of God in flowers. There is not one man in a thousand that knows what the flowers are, even, that God has dropped from his regal hand upon the earth. The stars in their courses are not more grand in their way, than these are beautiful in their way; and yet, if you look around the world, how many persons will you find that have any part or lot in flowers? There are hundreds of people that will travel all day, and never say "flower," nor think "flower," though both sides of the road are covered with flowers, purple, yellow, of every color, glowing brilliantly—especially in autumn; for as we come toward winter all nature seems glad that it is going to die, and puts out the banner of triumph in radiant colors. How many cultivate flowers—even two or three kinds out of a million species? And of these two or three kinds, what do they know? They plant the seed, and leave nature to do the rest. Now and then there is a man that pays some attention to their education—for with proper care they become better each successive year. Flowers are as much improved by education as children. Though so few cultivate flowers, and though so little is known about them by those who do cultivate them, the earth is covered and girdled by them. Why, God is a horticulturist! When I look at flowers, it seems to me that he does not think of anything else; till I look at orchards and fruits, and then I say, "He is a pomologist." The thing you look at last—that you think God thinks of first and last, it exists in such profusion and variation. And yet, how few persons know much about the provision of God in nature, or avail themselves of it.

Notwithstanding the world abounds in resources designed for the use of men, which they have not appropriated, and of which they are ignorant, we hear people say of this gift of the indwelling of Christ, "Is it not surprising, if it is real, that so few persons in the church have experienced it?" Just as though the history of men was not the same in this regard as in every other! God has piled up food in abundance to satisfy the want of every soul, and yet men die right before it of starvation. God's fountains, clear as light, reach from the very throne out of which proceeds the river of water of life, and yet there are men that are so thirsty that they can scarcely speak. There are men that go naked, although in God's wardrobe there is clothing enough. "All things are now ready," said God at the creation of the world. And by every prophet in every age the same sound has been rolled echoing down, "All things are ready." No! *no!* no! all things are not ready—men are not. And it is with the greatest gifts as with the least, that many men do not avail themselves of them. And the fact that all Christians do not avail themselves of the indwelling of Christ, is no presumption against the reality of the thing itself.

But stop! How many do avail themselves of it? How do you know how many avail themselves of it? How do you know the state of thousands of sweet children that die early, and do not know what it is that makes their way so bright? Do you suppose birds know, in June days, when they fill the whole heaven with clatter of joy, what it is that makes them so happy? They do not read the lore of the moon, the sun, and the seasons. They feel the joy, but do not know the cause. And thousands of children have walked in the solar light, and been happy under its influence, and, too early to understand its source, gone to that home where they were much desired. Ah! I do not see a child die that I do not say, "God's heart ached for that child. It has gone to cure God of longing. He wanted it, and took it." Do you not suppose that with those that have early gone rejoicing home, has been the indwelling presence of God, though they knew it not?

And how do you know how many have experienced this indwelling presence who have been hidden from observation? The best Christians are not to be seen. They are far back in obscurity, like the prophetess, Anna, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And I tell you, that those who experience the most of the presence of God know the least about it. There are millions of poor ignorant Christians that are appointed to a humble lot, who are content with that lot, who sing and pray and rejoice, and have faith that everything that they need will be provided for them; who know just enough to lay their head every night on the bosom of Jesus and rest in peace. There are thousands of slaves that have nothing for this life, who rejoice in the hope of a life to come. They sing, it is said, as they work. Thank God, they cannot shut them up from that influence which has power to make men sing under any circumstances. They sing as they work, because God is with them. Do not look at those that are most conspicuous in the world, or those that you know best, to judge of the traits of Christian development: look at those that live by faith, in places of life that are hard where burdens are heavy, and where, if it were not for God's sustaining presence, body and soul would part. See if among them there are not many who believe in this doctrine of Christ with us.

Now, my dear Christian brethren, I have opened up this truth, not merely to quicken your faith in it, but to stimulate your desire to live in such a state of mind that you shall have a perpetual consciousness of the presence of God.

And that is not the least of it. It is this indwelling of Christ that is to give us our power of doing good to others: of loving our fellow-men, and exerting an unconscious influence upon them for their benefit. Whatever there is of God in you will work wondrously through you upon thousands that are around about you. Are there any here who sustain the relation of teachers, either of Sabbath-schools or week-day schools? and have you often wished that you might say or do something that should bring your scholars to Christ? Bring Christ to your scholars. Have him yourself. Let your spirit be so Christlike that all that you say or do shall be full of Christ.

Why, in the country I can take a mirror, and sit in the house, and hold it in such a position as to bring in the adjacent trees: not the trees, but an image of them, which is like the trees to me.

If you are not yourself Christ, your mind may be a mirror by which his image shall be reflected on the minds of the children that you teach, so as to give them a better conception of him, than they could get from the Bible itself. For, if you are Christians you are epistles of God; you are letters in which men read his power and wisdom and grace.

For your own children's sake, parents; for your scholars' sake, teachers in the Sabbath-school, in the Bible-class, and in the week-day-school; for the sake of those with whom you are brought in contact amid the affairs of life, men of business, become like Christ, in your disposition and in your life. Let no man in your presence go down from darkness to death, without having the Savior not only taught to him in words, but imaged before him in conduct. So live, and men shall see your good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

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* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, Feb. 9, 1862. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. ELLINWOOD.

THE FREEDMEN OF PORT ROYAL.

By the kindness of a friend in Williamsburg, we are favored with the use of a very interesting letter, written by a respectable Christian man of that place, now employed as a carpenter at Port Royal, in answer to the inquiries by his friends here in regard to the condition and character of the late slaves, now freedmen, congregated under the Stars and Stripes within Gen. Sherman's command. The letter was written without any thought of publication, and has been given up at our request. It is valuable as the testimony of an honest and shrewd observer, and will have all the more weight as coming from a plain man and a sincere Christian, and not from a professional advocate or reformer. Our readers who work with their hands may rely upon it that this man describes the state of things just as they themselves would see it if they were on the ground.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Jan. 28, 1862.

DEAR SIR: Peter and I received your letter some time since, making inquiries regarding the moral condition of the army and of the contrabands. Peter has undertaken to answer you in regard to the former, and I will endeavor to do so as to the latter.

My opinions have undergone a great change in regard to the colored people since I have seen them in this place. There is much more native talent and activity to be found among them than I expected to find. They are very orderly and well-behaved, and seem to be very kind toward each other in their conversations and actions. There is an entire absence of all quarreling and profane swearing, and in these respects they set a very high example to the much boasted superior race which surrounds them. There is one conspicuous fault which they exhibit, sometimes to an inconvenient extent—that is, pride. As they are now located, they require to mix together in their quarters, but the mechanic does not like to be near to the ignorant field-hands, as he supposes they are ignorant compared with him; but even this is a very excusable fault, when we consider their ignorance.

I never had an idea that slavery was the horrible crime which it is until I came into contact with its poor debased and degraded victims. Many a time have I felt my blood chill as I have listened to their sad, sad stories of the wrongs which they have endured: of parents telling of their long-lost children, which had been *stolen* from their beds while they slept, and carried away never to be seen again, and no satisfaction given to them by the master in regard to them; of husbands sold from their wives and wives from husbands; of whippings and scourgings; and many testify to having seen slaves shot dead because they would not follow their master in his flight. There are some men here that have been in the swamp for over a year, hunted from time to time by the blood-hounds. One man that came in a short time since and brought a rifle with him, told me that he had killed six dogs with it that were in pursuit of him. He looked like one that would not be long about it.

An old man came into camp the other day, and discovered a long-lost son, that had been sold away from him fourteen years before. A carpenter from Savannah came to me for tools a few days since; he was very light; he looked like a sun-burnt sailor. I asked him his name; he said it was Adam McIntosh. I remarked that it was a Scotch name. "Yes," said he, with a good deal of energy, "my father was a Scotchman; he died several years ago, and then I became the property of my half-brother. He also died about a year ago, and then I was sold to a stranger." His family he left in Savannah, but hoped soon to get them when the Union troops would get possession of it.

They are all very anxious to do what they can to assist us, and are very serviceable as pilots, etc. There is no fear about them, and they are perfectly willing to risk their lives. A short time since the General sent to find one of them that knew the channel up to a place the troops were going to attack. The colored carpenters were asked if any was acquainted with it. One replied that he knew all about it. He was told that it was a very dangerous undertaking, and he might in all probability lose his life, and was asked if he was perfectly willing to go. He at once said, "Yes, massa, me go."

We have now built snug houses for them; there are no people on the island better cared for. While almost every one lives in tents, they are housed. They are also very fortunate in having a most worthy man and a Christian in charge of them. His name is Mr. Lee. He is an elder in a Presbyterian church in Boston. He is very kind and gentle toward them, takes part in all their meetings, and by advice and example is endeavoring to lead them in the path which leads to eternal life. He also speaks very plain to them about the new position they occupy as free men and women, and tells them that they never can be slaves again. They have a large meeting room, and I assure you I have never felt the Savior's presence so near as sometimes in that room, as I listen to their earnest exhortations and fervent prayers. And when any of the chaplains come to address them, they listen with that attention which shows that they are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. There are nearly 500 of them stationed at the fort, and they are coming in every day. There are many more hundreds of them on this and the other islands around.

I spent a most pleasant and profitable day last Sabbath. In company with Mr. Lee and the Government cotton agent, I went to visit a place called Parry Island, about six or seven miles distant. We went by boat, and were rowed by six contrabands. We got there about twelve o'clock, and found the negroes in the greatest state of alarm, and preparing to leave the island for the mainland. There were five or six schooners came up to the island the day before, and they at once concluded the Yankees were going to do with them as their masters often had told them: to take them away to Cuba and sell them to pay the expenses of the war. And as one of them told me with the greatest excitement, *they were determined never to be taken there*, for they could not live north in that cold country. We pacified them and allayed their fears, and we joined in a funeral, at which Mr. Lee read a chapter and spoke to them very solemnly. It was one of the most solemn scenes I ever witnessed. The grave-yard was in a beautiful grove of live-oak, with hanging moss from every branch, and as the words sounded through it, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' etc., the earnest and sad look of the black and strange faces of the crowd told that even death was somewhat of a stranger in their little world. We had a very interesting meeting afterward. Mr. Lee spoke to them from the piazza of the overseer's house, while they sat upon the grass below; it was a sweet and pleasant meeting, and at its conclusion the whole of them rushed toward us to shake hands, saying, "*Tank you, massa; God bress you, massa.*" It was a touching scene. The driver upon this plantation is one of the most intelligent negroes I ever saw, although he cannot read a word. Very few can read, not one in one hundred of them, and then very imperfectly. There are very few mulattoes on the islands, but they are more numerous on the mainland. I am, yours respectfully,

D. C. WILSON.

NATIONAL REPENTANCE.

It is a healthy feature in repentance to be specific and run on the point of arraignment. A sin, indeed, rarely exists alone, and is rarely judged alone, and the external transgression always implies in the heart a deep-seated source of this and kindred evils. Yet, in parental and divine discipline, definite chastisements have reference to definite sins; and though the whole character of the criminal is indirectly involved, the present judgment finds a present, provoking cause in a specific transgression. When this is the case, a general confession does not meet the ends of repentance. It is always easier for the delinquent to make general acknowledgments than to confess the guilt on which his present punishment turns; and yet this must be the condition of full forgiveness.

While we may not overlook the fact that no transgression is single and unsustained in the character, it is equally fatal to forget the fact that all evil tendencies accumulate their guilt in distinct transgressions, and through these become the occasions of discipline.

What, then, is by pre-eminence our national sin, for which God now deals with us? Obviously, slavery. It is at this point that we differ from the nations of the earth in guilt. This has been the prolific source from which have sprung our present disasters. The judgment stands united by closest sequence to the guilt, and it would seem therefore impossible to mistake the voice of Providence.

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the North. Soldiers settle. Educational and religious forces are set at work, and a new society slowly builds itself on the old, and the barbarism of slavery is wiped out in a Christian civilization.

It is no answer to these considerations to say that they involve grave difficulties. Who has ever expected that we shall find our way out of this great sin without grave difficulties? The alternative lies between accepting them or remaining under the growing judgments of God. JOHN BASCOM.

A MISSIONARY'S VIEW OF THE REBELLION.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

We love to catch the last words of wise and good men—nor, least of all, on the matter that is now rocking our country to its deep foundations, and seeks to destroy our national existence. Mr. Breath, between twenty and thirty years a missionary in Persia, tidings of whose sudden death recently reached us, and in whose bosom glowed a patriotism second to that of no other American, wrote to me a few days before his decease as follows:

"We are not so far off from the theater of events as not to be made nervous by the reports from America as the atrocious rebellion proceeds. The world has not seen a wickedness so enormous since the crucifixion of our Savior. I am afraid, however, that God will not give real success to our arms till our armies reverence his Sabbaths and cease to ignore *slavery* as the disturbing element."

The missionary, in the quiet and calmness of his distant position, is often better able to judge on moral questions affecting his country than those at home who are floating with the current, or embroiled in the turmoils. Very truly yours, JUSTIN PERKINS.

Religious Intelligence.

AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

RECEIPTS DURING JANUARY, 1862.

FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE:		
West Lebanon Cong. church	$3 00	
Durham Cong. church	2 00	
		$5 00
" VERMONT:		
Brattleboro, C. F. Thompson	$3 00	
West Rutland, Allen Ward	2 00	
Pawlet Cong. church and society	5 48	
		10 48
" MASSACHUSETTS:		
"New Year's offering from a friend"	$5 00	
West Stockbridge Center Cong. church	3 00	
Spencer Cong. church	10 02	
Byfield Cong. church	3 30	
Whately Cong. church	7 26	
Upton Cong. church	1 00	
West Medway Cong. church	8 00	
Medway Cong. church	7 00	
Salem, Crombie-st. Cong. church	35 00	
Chelsea, Winnisimmet Cong. church	122 74	
Malden, Trinity Cong. church	25 10	
Littleton Cong. church	11 38	
Wellfleet, A Friend	1 00	
West Medway, estate of Seneca Wight	10 00	
Andover, Edward Taylor, Esq.	10 00	
		239 80
" CONNECTICUT:		
New Haven Central church	$200 00	
" Chapel-st. Cong. church	63 79	
" Sarah M. Townsend	5 00	
North Guilford Cong. church	5 32	
Wolcottville Cong. church	1 00	
Middlebury Cong. church	4 28	
Marlboro Cong. church	5 00	
Hartford, Loyal Wilcox	100 00	
New London. "New Year's Gift"	10 00	
Huntington Cong. church and society	6 00	
		400 39
" NEW YORK:		
Franklin, Friends	10 00	
Potsdam, Sewall Raymond	5 00	
		15 00
" PENNSYLVANIA:		
Member of Ref. Dutch Church		25 00
" OHIO:		
Toledo, Edson Allen		2 00
" MICHIGAN:		
Detroit Cong. church	$17 83	
Grand Rapids Cong. church	15 62	
Olivet Cong. church	6 06	
Ann Arbor Cong. church	4 00	
Cooper Cong. church	3 58	
Memphis Cong. church	3 00	
Romeo Cong. church	5 00	
Utica Cong. church	10 09	
Kalamazoo Cong. church	22 50	
Saginaw Cong. church	5 00	
Chesterfield Cong. church	2 50	
		95 09
" ILLINOIS:		
Woodbarn Cong. church		10 00
" IOWA:		
Algona Cong. church		2 50
" KANSAS:		
Wyandotte, First Cong. church		3 25
		$828 51

N. A. CALKINS, Treasurer,
No. 135 Grand Street, New York.

It may be a work of supererogation to repeat the words of WANT so often uttered under the figures which reveal the ability, or rather the inability, to meet that want. But how else shall the sympathizing and the giving know what is desired of them? One asks, "Is it of any use to repeat your appeals so often in *The Independent?*" So for months they have been omitted. Then the inquiries come from scores, "Why have you ceased to speak of your work in *The Independent?* Have you money enough now? I do not see your articles as heretofore!" Let me have, here and now, a short say, and the reader must then judge for himself what he can and ought to do.

In general it may with truth be said, that never before have we wanted money so much; never before so many and such promising openings; never before when so little would do so much so quickly. Take a few of the more than fifty cases of want, to which we have not appropriated a dollar, and these few I will only "read by the title."

From Kansas is a call for $300, where a good beginning has been made; the element is New England, and the prospect is every way encouraging if the above sum can be guaranteed to pay last bills on a sanctuary for the little church.

From Wisconsin is a call for $100, to help a struggling church in a village at a railroad station, in which there is no sanctuary, nor is there one within twenty miles. Yet the little band cannot build alone, except stoves; is shut up, because it cannot be warmed and paid for; a thousand dollars is still owing; yet with $300 help all would be paid, and that church would leap into prosperity and self-support almost at a single bound. The senior trustee says, "I am almost overborne and heartbroken. I have given all I dare to, and we must have help or give up."

From Michigan is a call for $100, to save a house already built from going into the hands of the Papists. Every seemingly possible expedient has been adopted to raise the requisite sum for lifting the heavy mortgage, but the last sands are likely to break down and destroy all. Fifty-four dollars and thirty-two cents have been placed in my hands toward the needed and indispersable one hundred. Who will send me at once the remaining $45 68? O God! put it into the hearts of ONE HUNDRED of thine own, each to respond in this small amount! Then will this almost expiring church be revived and live; and at least twenty more, similarly overborne, will rejoice in the blessings of their own sanctuaries.

From a new county in Ohio I have this moment received a pressing call for $100, to pay last bills on a house just ready for occupancy.

From a rapidly growing village in Minnesota is a call to help build the first sanctuary in that place, and thus establish the first strong moral and religious force there; and only $300 is absolutely needed to do all this with what the self-denying brethren and sisters will do. It is impossible to build *there* without aid; and there will be, as there need be, no organization without the moral certainty of a building in which to protect it.

From the same state, in a new county with some twelve hundred people, there is a single minister literally bishop of the county. There are two centers of population nine miles apart. In the one he preaches in the morning; then *walks* nine miles and preaches in the other, in such rooms as they can find. With a pledge of two hundred dollars for each of these places, that home missionary says: "We will organize a Congregational church in each; this winter we will draw the timber and get the lumber for a house of worship in each; then in spring and summer we will complete both, and with the two hundred dollars for each from you, we will pay LAST BILLS." Now there is no church and no sanctuary in the entire county. It is not apparent to me how four hundred dollars could be better invested, or how with that amount so much immediate and ultimate good could be done as to create two such centers of Christian and civil liberty in that new region, so soon to be occupied with no meager population.

From these few cases, judge all. And let him who can, estimate the importance of forestalling vice and bigotry and all manner of iniquity by preoccupying the ground with Christian institutions, placed upon a basis of permanency, and having the facilities which sanctuaries alone can give these feeble churches for reaching out and gathering in the people, thus leading them to Christ. May our God and the God of our fathers incline churches and individuals to hasten their gifts, making them numerous if not large, that these waste places may be occupied and Zion's borders be extended and strengthened!

ISAAC P. LANGWORTHY,
Cor. Sec. Am. Cong. Union.

Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 4, 1862.

FOR THE MONTHLY CONCERT.

Mission to Spain.—The Wealeyan Missionary Society have dispatched Rev. George Alton as a missionary to Spain. With his family he arrived in the Peninsula on the 1st of January. He immediately found a kind welcome and an opportunity of useful labor among British residents and others. The Missionary Committee say:

"In the extensive mission which he has undertaken for the benefit of our countrymen residing in Portugal and Spain, and in the endeavor to communicate a Scriptural and saving knowledge of Christ to the votaries of idolatrous Rome, he will require the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove; and, notwithstanding the best qualifications and the utmost prudence, may yet not be safe from wicked and unreasonable men."

Character of American Missionaries.—*The Evangelical Christendom* for February closes a review of the American Board's "Fifty Years" with the following testimony:

"The American missionaries seem to be well qualified for their work. Men of faith and men of prayer, there have also been no contemptible scholars in their ranks—we think from what we have seen of them, their men are better qualified on the average than those sent out from Britain—scholars like Eli Smith, the translator of the new Arabic version of the Bible; Stoddart, the author of the modern Syriac grammar; Riggs, of the Bulgarian Mission, and others. The journal of the American Oriental Society gives full proof of their linguistic researches. The sciences of comparative philology and ethnography have been enriched by their labors, and yet the work of the Lord has not suffered in their hands. Grammars have been published by them of modern Greek, Armenian, Arabic, Syriac, Tamil, Hawaiian, Dakota, Grebo, Mpongwe, Zulu, etc., and dictionaries, more or less complete, of the Armenian, Tamil, Chinese, Hawaiian, Grebo, Mpongwe, Zulu, and Dakota. A dictionary too of modern Syriac, of about 10,000 words, has been prepared, and will soon be published. *O si sic omnes!*"

INDIA—A Scene at Madras.—Rev. Edward Chester of the Madura Mission, but now at Madras, writes respecting a communion season there:

"At our last communion, the first Sabbath in October, we had a peculiarly interesting season, the memory of which will ever be to me a pleasant one. Two families, the heads of which had been Roman Catholics, presented themselves, parents and children, to leave for ever all other forms of faith and worship, and to be hereafter of us and with us. Five adults, in addition to a young man, one of the village school-teachers, united with the church on profession, and at their own request were rebaptized. These kneeling in a row—and, side by side, nine of their children, with two others, too young to kneel, but held in their mothers' arms—kneeling to receive the sacred rite of baptism—presented a scene which would have rejoiced the heart of God's people, even if witnessed in a Christian land. But here, in a heathen land, with a dark background of heathenism, Mohammedanism, and the Romish Church, the simple yet sublime rites which the followers of the Redeemer in every land observe, in obedience to and in memory of their Lord and Master, stand forth in beautiful and effulgent preminence. Jesus is in the midst of this little group of his disciples: the beams of the Sun of Righteousness illume the place; and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Western Turkey.—Mr. Trowbridge mentions a tour to Bandurma, and the organization of a church there. Three persons were found at that place, and three also belonging to a village near—Edinjuk—who gave satisfactory evidence of piety. "The examination was peculiarly interesting. Their answers were very clear, and indicated a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures." These six persons, with two members of the Broosa church, and the native preacher and his wife,—ten in all,—were organized as a Protestant church on the 8th of December. "The Lord's work in the region of Bandurma is making progress, notwithstanding the violent opposition from enemies of the truth."—*Missionary Herald.*

CONGREGATIONAL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Sanbornton Bridge.—A letter read from the pastor of the church at Sanbornton Bridge, N. H., gives a detailed account of the work of grace in that village. The work has been in progress about two months, and the converts number from 150 to 200. The work continues with unabated power. A revival has recently commenced at Laconia with very hopeful appearances. Continued prayers were requested for both of these places. There is a sound in the tops of the mulberry-trees in the capital of New Hampshire.

MASSACHUSETTS—Andover.—The following members of the senior class at Andover were licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Mendon Association, at their meeting in Medway, with Rev. Mr. Sanford, Feb. 11: Albert H. Currier, Gilbert O. Fay, John A. Paine, Jr., Thomas W. Thompson, and Edward G. Thurber.

Williamstown.—Rev. Mr. Potter preached thirteen sermons in Williamstown last week, in the churches and school-houses in that town, besides holding a meeting in the bar-room of the Mansion House on Friday evening, where several unconverted persons, on being called upon, gave in their opinion that religion was what they all meant to possess before death, but that they were not yet ready to seek it. Prof. A. Hopkins is a co-laborer with Mr. P. in the good work.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

CONNECTICUT—Windham County.—The Congregational churches in this county are generally in a state of outward prosperity. At the last meeting of our Association, the reports from the different churches showed an increase of attendance upon the house of God. At the present time a few churches are enjoying what all very much need, a season of refreshing from the presence of God. A work of grace has been in progress for some time in Westminster. For nearly a year the pastor has been laid aside from ministerial labors. During the work season, a little girl, about ten years of age, often visited him, bringing a bouquet of flowers. He improved the opportunity afforded by her visits to converse with her upon the subject of religion. Finally, he wrote a letter upon the subject. Soon after this, she came to him inquiring what she should do to be saved. Through his instructions she found the Savior. Then he began to labor with her companions; and so the work has gone gradually forward. In West Woodstock, in both the Congregational and Baptist churches, God is renewing his work. Several are indulging the hope that they have passed from death unto life. There is, also, an interesting work of grace in West Ashford, under the labors of Rev. Mr. Kinney, who is supplying the church at Westford.—*Boston Recorder.*

The Congregational Church in Seymour has been closed by the hard times.

Rev. John Blood will conclude his labors with the Congregational church and society in Huntington, April 1.

MICHIGAN—Union City.—The Congregational society of Union City, Mich., have erected a neat and commodious church-edifice of brick, at a cost of $8,000—exclusive of the stained-glass windows, which were furnished by the ladies at an expense of $313. The ladies have also richly cushioned the seats and furnished the pulpit. The building was dedicated on the 5th inst.

Invocation and Reading the Scriptures, Rev. L. S. Hobart of Hudson, the former pastor; Rev. H. S. Hammond of Princeton, Ill., made the Introductory Prayer; Rev. Dr. H. D. Kitchel of Detroit preached the Sermon, from 1 Kings viii. 27; Consecrating Prayer, Rev. R. Hatch of Richfield, Ohio, (also a former pastor;) Benediction by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Streeter.

Subsequently all the slip rents were sold for the ensuing year, for sufficient to meet the current expenses—leaving many families unprovided for. The next day and evening Rev. Messrs. Hobart and Hatch preached to crowded audiences.

ILLINOIS—Quincy.—A very pleasant dispute has sprung up between this church and one in Mendon, near by, as to their relative antiquity—Mendon claiming a priority of the Congregational name by a few months, whilst the Quincy church existed several years before, Congregational in everything but its name. This was changed by vote of the church, to agree with the facts in the case, without any change of polity. This "mother of churches," as it is sometimes called, (having sent out several colonies,) still numbers about two hundred members—its entire membership having been six hundred and twenty-eight. Of these, one hundred and ten have been received during the pastorate of six years of the present incumbent. During three of these six years not a member of the church has died—a fact speaking well for the health of the city. The first pastor was Father Turner, now of Iowa. His successors have been Horatio Foote, Rollin Marsh, and S. Hopkins Emery. Rev. Messrs. Rice, Pease, and Potter have been temporary supplies. The first meeting-house still stands, although nearly in ruins—an unsightly structure, used as a carriage-house, once called the "Lord's Barn."—*Boston Recorder.*

BAPTIST.

Ohio.—The Baptists in Ohio number 32,430. They are gathered in 517 churches, and 384 ministers and 46 licentiates preach to them. During the last year 1,988 were added to their number by baptism.

A Loyal South Carolinian.—Rev. Mr. Wilson, late pastor of the Baptist church at Beaufort, S. C., arrived in Baltimore, Md., last week, on Thursday. He is a loyal man, and refused to return thanks, as he was requested, for the rebel victory at Manassas. The church at Beaufort was formerly under the charge of Dr. Fuller, now of Baltimore, and is the largest Baptist congregation in the South. When Port Royal was captured and the inhabitants of Beaufort fled, Mr. Wilson remained at his home, designing to seek protection within our lines. The conduct of the negroes during the time that the town was in their possession became so bad that for the safety of himself and family Mr. Wilson was forced to cross Port Royal Ferry, and go within the rebel lines. He left a note to General Sherman, stating that his departure was a forced one, that he intended to return, and desiring that protection might be extended to his house and property at Beaufort.

A Disloyal Northerner.—The least that could be expected of a Northern man, living in the South, would be that he should not insult Northern prisoners, especially when attempting to preach the Gospel to them. But it is positively stated that J. Lansing Burrows, D.D., felt himself called upon to rebuke our Richmond prisoners, for their wickedness in making war upon the South; and that, in matter and manner, he was so insolent as to exasperate our noble fellows? We hope Burrows will live long enough to be sorry for both his treachery and his insolence.—*Examiner.*

PRESBYTERIAN.

Liberal Gifts.—Hon. Peter Odlin, an elder in the Third-street Presbyterian church of Dayton, O., under the pastoral care of Rev. S. G. Spees, has placed $10,000 at interest, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the support of missionaries laboring in feeble congregations connected with the O.-S. Presbytery of Dayton.

The late Benj. S. Walcott of New York Mills bequeathed a very large sum for benevolent purposes, including $10,000 to aid in the erection of a N.-S. Presbyterian church at New York Mills, $3,000 to the American Bible Society, and $2,000 to the American Home Missionary Society.

A Deserved Pension.—*The Christian Instructor* says:

"It will be gratifying to many to know that the Turkish Government has fixed, through the British Embassador at Constantinople, an annual allowance of 20,000 piasters—about £160, or $840, upon the mother and sister of the lamented Rev. W. Graham, missionary of the Irish Presbyterian church at Damascus, and who was so brutally murdered in the outbreak of 1860. Mr. Graham was associated with our own (United Presbyterian) laborers in that mission, and richly is the pension deserved for those who, in the death of such a son and brother, suffered a sudden and terrible bereavement."

A Bad Symptom.—We have received intelligence on reliable authority that a certain clique of Presbyterian ministers in Kentucky are exerting their influence to sow dissension among the churches, and transfer them to the Southern Presbyterian body. Should these ministers, who are secessionists at heart, transfer their personal relations, we should have no objection, but we deplore their meddling with the churches.—*Presbyterian.*

A Southern Elder.—*The New York Observer* thus speaks of one of the signers of the recent Georgia manifesto, quoted in our columns:

"A few years ago, in the Old-School Presbyterian General Assembly, there was an elder present who bore a distinguished part in the councils, and his name became familiar throughout the Church. As an earnest Christian worker and correspondent of this paper we have admired his talents, his spirit, and character. Taking an early and prominent position in favor of secession, he has been one of the leaders in Georgia, and we now find his name, with three others, appended to an address to the people of that state."

Revival.—From a private letter from McVeytown, Pennsylvania, received at this office, we make the following cheering extract:

"Int he midst of these troublous times the Lord is carrying on here a powerful work of grace. There are eighty inquirers, nearly fifty of whom are professing a hope in Christ. Among them are several heads of families and many promising youth. The attendance, after two weeks, is undiminished and the interest unabated. A deep solemnity, and interest in eternal things, pervade the whole community."—*Presbyterian.*

The Great Apostasy.—Upon the nature of slavery and the duties resting upon those implicated in it, a complete moral revolution has occurred over the whole South, if we are to believe the leading men who speak for the millions, and who seem to control and guide their thinking. This will be demonstrated by contrasting the action of the General Assembly of our Church in 1818, which expressed the view then universally accepted, and to which the Church yet adheres, with the utterance of the General Assembly of Presbyterians in the Confederate States on the same subject in 1862. An address to the churches throughout Christendom by this latter body has just fallen into our hands, from which we quote in the following paragraphs. Let parallel columns display the startling contrast between the generally received view of good men the world over, and the recently promulgated doctrine of the Southern Presbyterian Church on the subject of slavery:

UNANIMOUS ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. 1818.	ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES. 1862.
"Slavery creates a paradox in the moral system; it exhibits rational, accountable, and immortal beings in such circumstances as scarcely to leave them the power of moral action. It establishes them as dependent on the will of others whether they shall receive religious instruction; whether they shall know and worship the true God; whether they shall enjoy the ordinances of the Gospel; whether they shall perform the duties and cherish the endearments of husbands and wives, parents and children, neighbors and friends; whether they shall preserve their chastity and purity or regard the dictates of justice and humanity."	"Slavery is no new thing. It has not only existed for ages in the world, but it has existed under every dispensation of the covenant of grace in the church of God. . . . God sanctions it in both tables of the Decalogue. . . . Moses and the Apostles alike sanctioned the relation of slavery. . . . We (the Southern Church) stand exactly where the church of God has always stood, from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Christ, from Christ to the Reformers, and from the Reformers to ourselves."
"It is manifestly the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day, when the inconsistency of slavery, both with the dictates of humanity and religion, has been demonstrated, and is generally seen and acknowledged, to use their honest, earnest, and increased endeavors to correct the errors of former times, and as speedily as possible to effect this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of slavery throughout Christendom, and perhaps throughout the world. . . . We rejoice that the Church to which we belong commenced as early as any other in this country the good work of endeavoring to put an end to slavery. . . . The most virtuous part of the community abhors slavery and wish its extermination. . . . We earnestly exhort them to continue, and if possible to increase their exertions to effect a total abolition of slavery. We exhort them to suffer no greater delay to take place in this most interesting concern than a regard to the public welfare truly and indispensably demands."	"The first organization of the church as a visible society, separate and distinct from the unbelieving world, was inaugurated in the family of a slaveholder; slavery again reappears under the law; God sanctions it in both tables of the Decalogue, and Moses treats it as an institution to be regulated, not abolished, legitimated and not condemned. . . . We cannot forbear to say that the general principle of slavery is a wise and benevolent; it is a really effective discipline, and without it we are profoundly persuaded that the African race in the midst of us can never be elevated in the scale of being. As long as that race, in its comparative degradation, coexists side by side with the white, bondage is its normal condition."

But why continue the quotations? The Southern Church has plainly apostatized from the faith of the fathers, and now defends, as sanctioned of God and beneficent in itself, a system which is a vast evil to the enslaver, and a monstrous wrong to the enslaved, and upon which the Christian world has put its seal of reprobation, and for the final abolition of which good men have long labored and prayed. Is it judicial blindness?—*New York Evangelist.*

[It requires to be added, that both the Old-School and New-School Assemblies held on to these apostates as good enough Presbyterians for their fellowship as long as they could, until the Southern presbyteries withdrew in very shame at the inconsistency of two such opposite religions remaining together, and the Northern churches have never even yet put up any bar to their return.]

REFORMED DUTCH.

Church in Twenty-first street.—On Monday, at a meeting of the Classis, an application was made for a dissolution of the pastoral connection between Rev. Abraham Van Nest, D.D., and the Reformed Dutch church in Twenty-first street, which was granted. Warm expressions of regard were made by the members present for the retiring pastor. A call from this church upon Rev. Alexander R. Thompson of Bridgeport, Ct., was presented and approved, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Thompson will accept the call. Mr. Thompson was for many years the pastor of the Reformed Dutch church at Stapleton, S. I.

LUTHERAN.

Revival.—A. P. Ludden of Berne, N. Y., thus writes to *The Lutheran Observer:*

"We have just closed a meeting in my lower congregation, in which some fifty professed conversion—quite a number heads of families, and not less than thirty of the elder scholars of the Sabbath-school. One of the most faithful and devoted teachers had the inexpressible joy to see every pupil in her class enlist in the service of the great Teacher. Not long since the Master called her only child, a dear boy, and one of our best scholars, to his rest in heaven. The bereaved mother finds solace in educating the children of others for that precious Savior, who has taken her lovely lamb where he needs no more a mother's care or a mother's prayers."

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

GERMANY.

Progress of Romanizing Tendencies in German Protestantism.

A considerable portion of the Protestant clergy of Germany, as we have shown in former articles on the religious condition of Germany, have been gradually returning to the distinctive principles of the Lutheran orthodoxy of former centuries. They are rallying in all parts of Germany, especially in Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and Mecklenburg, around the old symbolical books; and if the grand national movement now pervading the country should lead to a greater union of the German states and the several state churches, there is material for a strong Lutheran party in the National Church—or if the dissensions in the churches should lead to a separation of the discongruous ecclesiastical parties, for a strong Lutheran Church of Germany. Yet their common submission to the symbolical books has not prevented the springing up of many controversies, none of which is likely to produce a more radical and incurable split than the divergent views on the relation of the Lutheran Church to Roman Catholicism.

The leaven of Romanism has been long at work among the German Protestants, and those who are supposed to be more or less infected with it are generally designated by the name of New Lutherans, in opposition to the Old Lutherans. The latter insist that Luther's fierce and uncompromising hostility to the entire system of Romanism must not be any way mitigated, and that it must be the earnest wish of every sound Lutheran to see it overthrown as soon as possible; the New Lutherans, on the contrary, are admirers of some features of Roman Catholicism, view it more as a division of our common Christianity than as an apostasy, sometimes crave an alliance with it for a common combat against Rationalism and Infidelity, and, in some instances, even expressly discard the opinions of the early reformers, and of Luther himself, as too radical. On the whole, the—as will be seen—fundamental difference of opinion has been mutually borne with forbearance, until recent events have begun to widen the breach.

In 1860 several prominent laymen connected with the New Lutheran party, and known for their advanced Romanizing opinions, conceived a plan of holding conferences with prominent Roman Catholics, and of formally concluding with them an alliance against the alleged infidel and democratic tendencies of the age. The first conference was held in September, at Erfurt, in the Prussian province of Saxony, and it was attended by nine Roman Catholics and five Protestants. Among the latter was Professor Leo of Halle, a historian of talent and reputation, who has already so far progressed in the Romeward development of his theological views as to declare that if the Roman Church of the XVIth century had been what the Roman Catholic Church of Germany is at the present time, a Reformation would not have been necessary. The conference made itself conspicuous by the consent of all its Protestant members to a violent declaration against the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, and it was at once heralded in the Roman Catholic organs all over the world as the harbinger of the return of the best portion of German Protestantism to the old Church. It was to be expected that the organs of the German Lutherans would fall out on this subject, and that the question of the relation between Lutherans and Roman Catholics would receive a thorough ventilation. This expectation has not been disappointed; the controversy on the conference of Erfurt is still going on, and has shed considerable light on the present stage of the Romanizing tendencies among the German High Churchmen. We gather some interesting facts from the *Neues Zeitblatt*, the well-conducted organ of the Lutheran party in the kingdom of Hanover, which itself is somewhat in sympathy with the New Lutheran party.

One of the Catholic leaders among the originators of the conference of Erfurt, Dr. Michelis, was especially eager to secure the holding of another meeting of the kind. He addressed consequently a letter to the *Volksblatt* of Nathusius, a Lutheran paper of considerable influence in Prussian Saxony, and some of whose editorial contributors had attended the first conference. Dr. Michelis admitted that the last and highest aim of the conferences must be the ecclesiastical reunion of Catholics and Protestants, but that while this end cannot be reached yet, a mere alliance of the "conservatives" of both Churches would be a matter of great importance. "For this view of the case," he writes, "I have found with Catholic authorities of every kind a warm and decided interest; you only furnish from twenty to thirty Protestants, and we will hold next month, with courage and with confidence in God, the second conference of Erfurt."

But the twenty Protestants, it seems, could not be "furnished." Professor Leo and the editor of the *Volksblatt*, Rev. Mr. Nathusius, it seems, became somewhat alarmed. The most influential men of the party, Professor Stahl and Dr. Hengstenberg, while acknowledging the laudable object of the conference, had disapproved its expediency. Some of the Old Lutheran papers had begun to speak out against the conference and the Church of Rome in the vigorous and rough tone of Luther. The *Theologische Zeitschrift* in particular, the organ of the Lutherans in Mecklenburg, denounced the *Volksblatt* and the *New Prussian Gazette* of Berlin, the chief organ of the Prussian aristocracy, to have undermined the Church, and called on all loyal Lutherans to unite their efforts in order to put a stop to such schemes. The reply of the *Volksblatt* to these charges was cautious and weak; it contented itself with denying to have Romanizing tendencies and with demanding the proof of the charge.

While the Erfurt conference was being deserted by some of its earliest friends, another High Church theologian of distinction, Professor Vilmar of Marburg, took up the gauntlet in its defense. Vilmar is an accomplished writer of great learning and elegance, and his manual of German literature has secured for him an honorable place in the province of literature. But he is also an ultra conservative in church and state. He is a stanch and uncompromising advocate of the policy of the worst despot now ruling in Germany, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, and he has carried his High Church views so far as to claim for the priestly ordination a sacramental character, the same as that of baptism and the Lord's supper. He is the acknowledged leader of the Lutheran party of his state, and a few years ago was elected by the clergy, by an overwhelming majority, one of the three superintendent-generals of Hesse-Cassel, yet the election was not ratified by the Elector. He is as dauntless as he is ultra; and seems to espouse the most unpopular causes with the greatest ardor. He published in the *Volksblatt* an article, in which he fully and unreservedly indorsed the resolutions of the first Erfurt conference, extols the *Volksblatt* as a model Lutheran paper, and castigates its opponents in the severest style. The journal of Mecklenburg has replied to this article, and Vilmar has published another article in defense, and thus the controversy is still being kept up, although no other conference at Erfurt has been convened. A late number of the *Volksblatt* of Nathusius remarks complacently that the tendency which it pursues, and which its opponents characterize as Romanizing, is steadily spreading.

We have reason to fear that this assertion of Nathusius is well grounded. The prominent men of the New Lutheran party, their press, and their associations, are evidently drifting along in that direction. The conference at Erfurt was the boldest move yet ventured by the ultraists of the party; and, as will appear from its results, it was not only tolerated, but it has found influential advocates who will revive the scheme at the proper time. Professor Leo and Dr. Vilmar are not the only ultraists who speak of a confederation with the Roman Catholic Church; other public organs, as the *Morgenzeitung*, a literary paper edited by Dr. Wolfgang Menzel, the *New Prussian Gazette*, the expounder of the sentiments of the German nobility, go fully as far; and other papers, like the *Evangelical Church Gazette* of Hengstenberg, are gradually coming up to it. The steady progress of democratic principles all over Europe, and the imminent downfall of state-churchism on the continent of Europe, are likely to increase the sympathies with Rome among those who cannot part with the belief in the privileges of a state church, and in the delusion of a so-called Christian state, which undertakes to preach Christianity by fire and sword. Among this class Rome will undoubtedly reap a harvest, though hardly as great as among the Puseyites of England: but then the time for a thorough rejuvenation of German Protestantism will be near at hand.

Editors' Book Table.

A COMMENTARY, CRITICAL AND GRAMMATICAL, ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS, with a revised translation. By C. J. Ellicott, D.D. Andover: W. F. Draper. New York: John Wiley. 1862. 8vo. pp. 190.—Characterized by the comprehensive and unprejudiced learning, fair discussion, sound judgment, and deep Christian feeling which have assured to Professor Ellicott the first rank among contemporary English Biblical commentators. The Commentaries of Professor Ellicott, which have now discussed the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Timothy, Titus, Philippians, Colossians, Philemon, and Thessalonians, are to be recommended to all theologians of every class, as perhaps the best specimen of the modern school of English commentators, uniting the thorough exhaustive learning of the German school with the high moral tone of the old English divines.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN RELATION TO THE NATURAL. By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1862. 12mo. pp. xii. and 369.—This standard evangelical Scotch theologian thus states the place of this volume among the opponents of the imputed anti-supernaturalism of the "Essays and Reviews:" "The special aim of the author is to disentangle the confusion which has crept into the discussion of one great problem, and to throw what light he can on the natural and supernatural, and the relation in which they stand one to the other, to man and to God."

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE: a Book for the Anxious. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1862.—A hortatory and didactic exposition of the doctrines of repentance, and of the right method for seeking reconciliation to God.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE BARONS OF THE SOUTH; or, The Rationale of the American Conflict. By E. W. Reynolds. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862. 12mo. pp. 240.—A vigorous argument for adjusting our internal polity so as to secure the extinction of slavery; written by a fresh original thinker, spirited and free, but not precise enough in showing what measures the author would recommend.

THE ANABASIS OF XENOPHON; chiefly according to the text of L. Dindorf, with notes; for the use of schools and colleges. By J. J. Owen, D.D., LL.D. Revised edition. New York: Leavitt & Allen. 1862. 12mo. pp. xiv. and 426.—An improved edition of this standard classical school-book, in the pleasant Porsonian Greek type, and with an apparatus of notes and directions ample for the needs of the school student.

PRIMARY MORAL LESSONS, for schools and families. Part I. By M. F. Cowdery, Sandusky, Ohio. 1862. 12mo. pp. 116.—A manual of narratives illustrating moral duties. They are intended to cultivate the moral sense of children by means of their suggestions, and the accompanying expositions and enforcements of the teacher or parent. The anecdotes are well chosen, and, with judicious use, the book must do good.

INFANTRY TACTICS, for the instruction, exercise, and maneuvers of the soldier, a company, line of skirmishers, battalion, brigade, or corps d'armée. By Brig.-Gen. Silas Casey, U. S. A. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1862. 3 vols. 24mo. pp. 279; 279; and 183.—The text-book dated May, 1861, and known as the "U. S. Infantry Tactics," was Hardee's Tactics, with the rebel's name left off. Hardee, like Maury, and indeed in the manner which has of late come to make "Southern" and "thievish" extensively synonymous, merely put his name to other men's work; his book being a translation from a French text-book, and it is said executed by another man. Gen. Casey's book takes Hardee's text, revises it where necessary; adds instruction for movements of the brigade and army-corps, and introduces an improved regimental order of battle, having, instead of the regular two lines, a couple of companies of skirmishers, posted in the rear of each flank. The whole system is thus materially changed, although the manual of arms remains the same; being the common "rifle musket drill," with the "shoulder arms" on the right side.

Gen. Casey's book is under careful and thorough practical examination by the War Department, and the General himself is by authority using it throughout his own command.

UNDERCURRENTS OF WALL STREET. A Romance of Business. By R. B. Kimball. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862. 12mo. pp. 428.—A strongly drawn and strikingly *real* story; deriving interest even from the very hardness of its outlines and want of "atmosphere"—if we may say so. It is the simple straightforward autobiography of a merchant who failed in 1837 and 1847, and supported himself afterwards as a note-broker. It has no plot of any importance, relying entirely upon the truthfulness and force of its plain, harsh, powerful delineations of individual business men and business ways.

THE WARDEN. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1862. Square 16mo. pp. 288.—A pleasant enough novel of English social life; turning upon the trials of an honest pious English gentleman and sinecurist, warden of an alms-house, who finds out that his salary absorbs too much of the income of the fund, and resigns, despite the efforts of the less delicate church officials, his friends.

VIEWS AFOOT; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. By Bayard Taylor. Caxton edition, revised. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862. 12mo. pp. 506.—Vol. 2 of this edition of Taylor's prose writings.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by Epes Sargent. Vol. 2. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862. 12mo. pp. 496.—Containing the inexhaustibly funny letters of "Up the Rhine," and a series of "Romances and Extravaganzas," including the wonderful distresses of "The Schoolmistress Abroad," all with fac-similes of the ludicrous coarsely drawn pictorial puns which Hood used to furnish as illustrations.

PERIODICALS.

Among the periodicals now on our table, are: *Literary*; The Atlantic, The Continental, and Godey's Lady's Book, for March, and Littell's Living Age, Nos. 924-5-6:—*Religious*; Evangelical Repository, Beauty of Holiness, (February), and Guide to Holiness, (January); Revue Chrétienne for January, and Archives du Christianisme, Jan. 20:—*Agricultural*; New England Farmer, Wisconsin Farmer, (Jan. and Feb.,) Family Repository and Horticultural Cabinet, (Jan.,) Ohio Valley Farmer, (Feb.):—*Medical*; Braithwaite's Retrospect for January, Dr. William Paine's Eclectic Medical Journal of Philadelphia, Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, consisting of thirty-one brief and sententious two-page "Health Tracts," and Dr. Lewis's Gymnastic Monthly and Journal of Physical Culture, with useful directions, and plates for ring and wand exercises; all three being the numbers for February.

The attractive table of contents of the March *Atlantic* is:

The Fruits of Free Labor in the smaller Islands of the British West Indies; by C. L. Brace. A Story of To-day; by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills." Mountain Pictures: by J. G. Whittier. The Use of the Rifle; by H. W. S. Cleveland. Aires of Sorrento; by Mrs. Stowe. Methods of Study in Natural History; by Prof. Agassiz. The Southern Cross; by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Concerning the Sorrows of Childhood; by the "Country Parson." The Rehabilitation of Spain; by C. C. Hazewell. A Raft that no man made; by R. T. S. Lowell.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1862.

THE CEREDO LETTER.—A correspondent at Worcester writes us that we were under a mistake in ascribing to Mr. Eli Thayer the authorship of the very interesting letter from Western Virginia which we copied last week from *The Massachusetts Spy*. The writer of that letter is a volunteer soldier in the service of his country, while Mr. T. has not taken any active part in favor of the war.

CHANGE OF FEELING IN ENGLAND.—The veteran reformer, General J. Perronet Thompson, writes to us, Feb. 4:

"I think I note the fact that the vigor of the various pro-slavery publications in England is much declining. Thus *The Economist*, once so furious, is found speaking deliberately of *emancipation* as what the thing must come to. And the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has not repeated its attack on Mrs. Beecher Stowe, but in its later publications speaks the words of truth and soberness. The liberal press is mostly under the control of the Manchester cotton interest, and will never give hearty support to anything but what for the time being is approved by that interest. And there is no concealing that at the present moment its hopes of escape from present difficulties are linked with the victory of the South."

THE INDEPENDENT SHUT OUT OF CAMP.—We have received a copy of *The Daily Eagle*, published at Grand Rapids, Mich., containing a statement by a committee of the Sabbath-school of the Congregational church of that place, of which the following is the substance:

"That in June last this school contributed $22 20, and forwarded to the publisher of *The New York Independent*, with directions to furnish as many copies of that paper for four months as the money would pay for; that the papers were sent and regularly received at the headquarters of the 3d Michigan Regiment on the Potomac; that Col. Daniel McConnell, then commanding, declared *The Independent* an 'abolition paper,' and ordered the copies received to be withheld from the men; that the soldiers did not, therefore, receive them, as you designed they should."

The regiment started from Grand Rapids, and many members were residents or had friends there. The school thereupon adopted the following mild and proper resolution:

Resolved, That while we regret this unwarranted act on the part of such officer, and believe that he did not appreciate the offering we made, we are forced to conclude that, had he been a habitual reader of *The Independent*, and received its weekly lessons of morality and religion, he would have exercised a wiser and better judgment, and would not have rejected our offering, nor have caused to be withheld from the men under his command a public journal which was in entire sympathy with the Administration, and accorded with it so fully that the Government had made it its organ to publish its laws."

WILLIE LINCOLN.—All dwellings are alike when death is present. Cottage or mansion, palace or Presidential house, are all as one when the grief of the sepulcher enters! On Monday of this week the body of Willie Lincoln was carried to its rest, until the trumpet shall bring forth to judgment the generations of time. Neither skill nor love could withhold the child after he heard a voice saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." God has taken his own again. How, in an hour, God changes the whole aspect of life: checks its levity, rebukes its ambition, overshadows its hopes, and weighs its mightiest affairs in the balances of eternity, and finds them wanting! Even war ceases to sound in the ears of sorrow. Camps are forgotten, and the whole web of public affairs is dropped from the stitchless hands, in the presence of the sweet-faced child that lies the silent master of the White House. It is the dead, in such an hour, that command the living!

"Willie!" How these familiar contractions reveal the past. It was the home name. It was the name of love and familiarity. William baptized, but Willie called. It is this word that threw around him a mother's heart; this was the silver lasso that drew him from his sleep, from his play, from his childish sorrows or pettish frets. That word Willie will have power for many years yet, to conjure up the past again, to bring forth from vacancy the longed-for face, to stir memories of love, to bring fresh tears and old heartaches.

Through the door opened to receive the young spirit, may God send forth angels of comfort. There are songs for the night, and a light for darkness. And may He who was "acquainted with grief" awaken the one and enkindle the other!

From every side, and amid all parties, there will be one point of union: where Christian men fervently pray that all divine consolations may rest upon the afflicted household of the Chief Magistrate of this nation!

A CHURCH SILVER WEDDING.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the Pine-street church was recently celebrated by Dr. Brainerd and his parishioners, in Philadelphia. The occasion seems to have been deeply interesting. There are few such scenes on earth as such a Christian meeting. A quarter of a century in a pastor's life! How many children have grown up into manhood about him; how many that were young have become old; how many of the aged are not, because God hath taken them! What hours of trouble has his presence cheered! how many have been consoled in sickness, counseled in difficulties, succored in temptation, rebuked and entreated! How many have been aroused and led through the dark way, and to the rising light of the Sun of righteousness! No other profession lies so close upon the border of disinterested benevolence, or deals so nearly with absolute truth, as the Gospel ministry. Its whole aim is to make men good and noble. It has its cares and burdens. But they are fewer than in any other calling, and its joys and pleasures are a hundredfold greater. Even in the rudest settlements, amid the discomforts of pioneer life, with weariness, sickness, and poverty, such is the incomparable joy of a true minister of Christ, that he would not relinquish his privilege of suffering with Christ for any earthly boon.

Although somewhat late, Dr. Brainerd will allow us to add our congratulations to those of his immediate parishioners, and our good wishes for his future prosperity. He will not forget the days when Cincinnati had scant thirty thousand inhabitants; when its manufactories were just struggling into existence; when *he* labored in true missionary spirit along the river, among the straggling population that was then fringing the city!

He will not forget, either, *The Cincinnati Journal*, published by *Corey & Fairbanks*, and edited by one Thomas Brainerd, whose pen filled it with pointed sentences and brilliant paragraphs. He will not forget the great controversy between the Old and New Schools of Presbyterians; the divided presbyteries, the vigilant watch which each side kept upon the other; the tactics that prevailed to prevent a sudden vote being sprung upon a thin house. He will not be likely to forget the renowned conflict in presbytery and synod between Drs. Wilson and Beecher. The Presbyterian church on Fourth street, in Cincinnati, will always be memorable for the grand debate between these two champions of the Old and the New. Dr. Wilson is gone. He was a sincere, intense, able man. He resembled Gen. Jackson in person, and quite as much in disposition. Warm-hearted to friends, and serviceable, bitter in his dislikes, a cordial fighter, obstinate and indomitable. He had always ruled in the Presbyterian Church. He was not conscious how much the interruption of that rule had to do with his hatred of New England theology and all its champions. His learning was small: his intellect narrow but strong; his moral feelings were high, but inclining to severity. And yet no one saw the tall and slender form, the fixed and rigid face, the white head of this old man rising in debate, without a sort of sympathy and reverence. He was honest. He followed his principles and prejudices without distinguishing between them wherever they led, and never shrank from their consequences. He would have been hewn to pieces for his faith without flinching, particularly its least important parts. Stormy times! But this merit they had: every one was wide awake!

Dr. Brainerd will perhaps remember venerable Dr. Bishop, too, President of Miami University, learned in Scotch learning—whose tongue could never forget the Scotch accent and twist—who was a sound theologian, but a yet sounder man. Over six feet high, if he would only stand up, which he seldom did, with light hair, and very little of it, of a blue eye, under a high and broad forehead, with a face reverend and full of benignity. He was a holy, eccentric man, who lived a life known and read of all men for goodness, but wrote such an execrable scrawl, that, once, when we had met a mishap and he wrote a foolscap sheet of consolation, we could not read one word of it, but kept it, as an Indian would, as a kind of charm.

We see the noble old Doctor, in the lecture-room of the Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, walking up and down in the back of the room, calm and sweet-faced, while the battle of disputation was raging in the front part. As the heat became dangerous, the discussion was suddenly arrested by a voice. All looked at the old Doctor, now turned full upon them, and straightened up to his full hight; and with a voice clear, firm, commanding, but not loud,—"Moderator, sing Salva-a-tion." Then one might have seen a sight worthy of Rembrandt's pencil. Some ready singer instantly raised the tune, "Salvation, oh the joyful sound." Very joyful, to men hot with argument; to good men red in the face; to men pushing an adversary with fierce logical fidelity! But, the hymn over, the old man walked slowly and solemnly up and down as before, while the members recommenced the business, quite soothed and softened. But, in an hour, the flame was again shooting forth in every part of the room, when suddenly the strong Scotch accent sounded out peace again,—"Moderator, let us pra-ay!" Some resented such interruption. One man overhastily blurted out, "Mr. Moderator, this is too bad; it's no time for prayer now." But the absurdity of the protest by a minister among ministers, set every one to laughter, which always humanizes—and to prayer they had to come.

Good man! Good man! He has gone to his rest. He has left few like him, for solid merit, for humility, for fatherly kindness, for unselfish fidelity, for symmetry of character and carelessness of dress and manners!

Dr. Brainerd was sent to the General Assembly meeting at Philadelphia. Having a taste of his preaching, the Pine-street church had the good sense to want more. Accepting a settlement, *The Cincinnati Journal* needed an editor. There was at that time in the middle class of Lane Seminary a green young man of some facility of pen. He had written a series of anonymous articles on the Catholic question in the evening paper edited by Mr. Thomas. He was considered rather 'tonguey,' and not likely to back down from anything for want of hopefulness and self-confidence. Him Dr. Brainerd called to the chair; and, on relinquishing the editorship, recommended this beardless youth to the proprietors of the journal as his successor. One fine morning this young man found himself an editor upon a salary! An editor must have a coat; and Platt Evans made a lion-skin overcoat that has never had a successor or equal. He must have a watch! A plain white-faced gold watch soon ticked in his pocket. Alas! evil days befell the publishers. Even Gallaher's Watts Entire could not save them. The paper had a new owner. He did not want the young editor. The young editor *did* want the watch, but could not pay for it; the seller took it back, to the great grief of the young theologian, who went back disconsolate to his classes at Lane Seminary, and was broken-hearted for a whole day. The young man recovered, and has been in mischief ever since, some folks think.

But our dear Dr. Brainerd has been steadily working, in season and out, with fervent spirit and fertile brain and sympathetic heart. Hundreds have gone home to glory from his spiritual family. Hundreds are on the way. Long may it be before he shall meet his heavenly church! But when that day shall come, may he find Him whom he has served so long nearest to his emerging spirit; and then, in radiant crowds, and with overflowing joy, those who shall bring him into that sacred city to which he had first directed them.

DATA CONCERNING TENNESSEE.

A GENTLEMAN of intelligence, who has lived years at Memphis, and recently came from there, corrects our recent informant with regard to the fortifications of the place. He says that Memphis is not fortified, nor capable of being fortified to any purpose, owing to its situation on the Mississippi River. He also pointed out the topography of the disloyal spirit in different sections of the state, the tone of loyalty rising always with the elevation of the land, or any other cause which diminishes the proportion of slaves or the product of cotton. For example, the six counties occupying the northwest corner of the state—Obion, Weakley, Henry, Dyer, Gibson, and Carroll—have a total population of 99,998, of whom 25,170 are slaves, being 25 per cent. of the whole, which is the average proportion of the whole state, including East Tennessee. On the other hand, the six counties occupying the southwest corner of the state—Madison, Hayward, Tipton, Shelby, Fayette, and Hardiman—have a total of 141,660, of whom 66,085, or 47 per cent., are slaves, although this includes the large proportion of whites in the city of Memphis. The valley of the Tennessee River is said to possess an inferior soil, and consequently little cotton and few slaves, which accounts for the loyalty exhibited toward our gun-boats in their late excursion up the river to Florence. The nine counties of Benton, Decatur, Henderson, Hardin, M'Nairy, Stewart, Humphrey, Perry, and Wayne, all which lie along the banks of the Tennessee River, have an aggregate of 79,322, of whom only 13,809, or 16 per cent., are slaves. The average population to a county in the first series is 16,666; in the second, 23,610; and in the third only 8,813. Benton county has but 534 slaves, Decatur has 784, and Perry 548.

We then take the whole twenty-nine counties that make up the District of East Tennessee, and find the total population 295,436, of whom there are but 27,334, or only 9 per cent., slaves. The strength of the rebellion is in Middle Tennessee. But that there is a strong feeling in favor of the Union among the fathers and mothers of the people, the following letter will show. It is sent us by the chaplain of one of the regiments of gallant Illinoisans who captured Forts Henry and Donelson. The prime wickedness of the revolt is among the demagogues and gamblers, but the madness is among the young:

Union Feeling in Tennessee.

FORT FOOTE, late FORT HENRY, Feb. 11, '62.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Herewith I send you an exact copy of a letter from a father to his son, dated "——, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1862."

For evident reasons I suppress the name of the city where written, and of the father writing. The letter will tell its own story, revealing, as it does, a smothered Union feeling in the bosom of the author of the following. Yours, etc., S. D——.

The Letter.

——, TENN., Feb. 1, 1862.

DEAR SON: Your always-welcome letter came to hand yesterday, and I am going to answer it speedily. I received your package containing $300 of C. S. A. scrip, for which I am very grateful. I am glad, Henry, that you are doing well, and that you are well; but I tremble whenever I think of your being engaged in this horrid war.

Henry, my son, I *cannot* but feel as if the South were in the wrong; and we may console ourselves with whatever belief we choose, the United States is bound to subdue us.

Gen. McClellan is evincing great generalship. I fear that soon a movement will be made that will crush us out, and that the Lincolnites will rule.

Henry, I know you must feel as I do, and I wish you would resign, and we will move North.

No one here suspects my Union proclivities, and I am obliged to talk and be a secessionist; but I say to you, as I said when you were at home, I do not believe that Northern men desire the ruin of the South.

A great deal of interest is felt here as regards your position, (Fort Henry.) If that is taken the Southwest is surely conquered. You can see this as well as others. I beseech you, resign your commission and return home to your friends. Your mother incloses a letter to you. The hands are at work cleaning the old warehouse. I bought, yesterday, Mrs. C——'s man, S——, and guess he will prove a good hand. Destroy this letter, as it may get you into trouble.

Write me soon, and believe me,

Your affectionate father, ——.

SHALL WE FIGHT ENGLAND?

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio writes a very urgent letter in favor of a national pledge that, "come what may," we will not fight England. His words are: "We must not even assume a defensive attitude. If we do, England may strike, and then we must parry or be struck down. As a Christian people, we ought to take this position. We should let Christian England know that we take it for the sake of Christ our Lord and Savior." Now our friend must bear in mind that "corporations have no souls," and nations have no hereafter, and hence will never hear the sentence of Christ in the judgment. And he must remember that this England, (Christian England, if he chooses to call that Christian,) the England which acts through Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell, and Lord Lyons, and Admiral Milne, and Gen. Sir Fenwick Williams, lately commenced sending vast forces and means to our neighborhood, and is still sending forward ships of war and armies and munitions of war, avowedly for the purpose of having them ready to move at a word to bombard New York and Boston and Portland, and our other sea-ports, and to lay waste our Northern frontier by burning Ogdensburg and Oswego, Rochester and Buffalo, Clevelnad and Detroit, suddenly and before we could prepare any adequate defense, on the occurrence of a certain contingency which *that* England believed to be certain, and had taken great pains to make so. And although that trick failed, *that* England keeps the forces on hand, in our sight, at an immense cost, to let us know that at any moment, for an accidental blunder or a slip in diplomacy, or any refusal to comply with any demand of hers, they are all ready to do that work on both our frontiers.

Let it be also observed that *that* England lately sent a civil message to our Government, to which her advisers assured her that it was impossible we should give a favorable reply; and the message was accompanied by private orders to Lord Lyons, that if a favorable answer was not made in seven days, he should withdraw from the country, and let those fleets and armies instantly set about their aforesaid work. What would our correspondent think about a policeman who should know that a gang of (not Christian) men were thus openly planning to kill and burn and plunder only a part of one of these towns, and should inform them that he was too good a Christian to do anything to interrupt their schemes or to protect the helpless people they were plotting against? Just that sentence would the scorn of men and the curse of God pass upon our Government, if it should witness these preparations for destroying the country, and then tell *that* England, "We will never fight you."

It is *that* England which the people of the United States, in their national capacity, have to look out for, and to consider what *that* England is preparing for, and to learn *its* temper from *its* words and actions, so as to be ready to defend our borders and our towns whenever these feelings and intentions and preparations shall culminate in appropriate action. And when worst comes to worst, we must protect ourselves as we can. And if we find that New York can be best defended by a force at Calcutta or the Cape of Good Hope, or on the Thames, that will be our duty as a nation, or else we shall forfeit our position as one among the nations, and be in the condition where Mexico is, for England and France, and perhaps Austria or Spain, to make a treaty among themselves how they will take care of us, because they will see that we have become incompetent to take care of ourselves.

That *other* England, which is represented by the Queen, (God bless her,) and the Duke of Argyle, and Mr. Bright, and Mr. Arthur, and those like them, is to be highly esteemed for its good-will, and its unwillingness to make war against us in our troubles, although it has allowed itself to be grossly misled for a time as to the merits of our case: but it is now coming right, and begins to see, what the noble Frenchman saw last winter, "The Uprising of a Great People." But it would be a wretched weakness in us, were we to shut our eyes against all these fleets and armies, and against all the utterances of the educated mind and the hereditary power of *that* England which openly rejoiced in the belief that our bubble had burst, and hastened to seize an apparent opportunity to make it so. We, as a people, must take *that* England as we find it in word and deed.

The *other* England lost sight (for a time, of the respect which was and is due to a nation of freemen, in regard to its competency to decide for itself as to the time and manner of its action for the preservation of its being against an unexpected and overwhelming rebellion. But the prompt excitement into which this *other* England fell, on the mere supposition of an intentional indignity to its flag, will by-and-by enable it to pass a just judgment on the alacrity and energy with which the people of the United States have rallied in redress of the intentional indignity and contempt heaped upon our flag. And perhaps they will realize that our flag is the same to us as theirs is to them. Perhaps they will yet come to use as cordial and whole-souled an expression of their feelings as has just come from the Emperor Alexander II.

ARE OUR MAPS DISLOYAL?—A subscriber of ours in Iowa, who was led to purchase a number of J. T. Lloyd's maps from seeing them advertised in *The Independent*, sends us a printed circular which he received with some of his maps. Commending, among his other publications, "Lloyd's Military Map of the Southern States," which he says is "the only correct map of the Southern country," Mr. L. says, "The people of the Northern states can see correctly, at a glance, the preponderance of the Southern country over the Northern and Western states, and will more fully comprehend the reason of the Southern states uniting, by glancing westward at the rich plains of Mexico, which are exhibited on this map."

Our correspondent finds fault with us for advertising the business of a man of such predilections, but we cannot pretend to know the personal opinions of those who send us advertisements that are proper on their face.

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.

THERE is nothing so much talked about that is so little understood, and so utterly misrepresented, as the Constitution of the United States. A man with a tolerable gift at reading, and who only has to stop and spell out the hardest words, could go through with it in about the time he daily bestows upon a morning newspaper; and if he has brains enough to comprehend the proceedings of a town-meeting, he can, after a single perusal, attain to a fair understanding of its meaning. Yet there seems to be a popular impression that nothing less than a thorough legal education qualifies anybody to pronounce a positive opinion upon any of its purposes, and that only once in a generation is a man born great enough to be its complete expounder. The quantity of nonsense that is continually talked in newspapers and legislative halls, on the presumption of this popular fallacy, is fearful. It is especially shown in the discussion of the subject of Slavery, and under such teaching multitudes have been led to believe that the chief end of the framers of the Constitution was to uphold and protect that system.

The Constitution, with its amendments, has 20 articles or chapters; of these the longer are divided into 21 sections, and they treat altogether of nearly a hundred topics, defining the powers which, it was agreed, should belong to that instrument. Slavery is referred to four times.

By one of its clauses Congress is restricted from prohibiting the Foreign Slave-Trade for twenty years. When the twenty years had expired, to engage in that trade was made a capital crime, and for the violation of that law, a man was deservedly hanged in this city a week ago. There are now, therefore, and have been for about half a century, only three provisions of the Constitution that bear in any way upon the system of slavery. One of these refers incidentally to slavery; another operates upon it positively, and a third negatively.

The first of these three—we put them in this order for our own convenience, and not as they occur in the Constitution—provides for the suppression of insurrections. It does not refer, however, exclusively to those of slaves, but to all insurrections, would be a necessary power of the Constitution, though slavery should be abolished to-morrow, and would have been an essential prerogative of Government though slavery had never existed, and even if there had been no written Constitution at all.

The second provides that whenever a direct tax shall be levied upon the people by Congress, three-fifths of the slaves shall be counted, inasmuch as Congressional representation is based upon that rule. The practical result of this provision has been that the slaveholders have always had in Congress from twenty to twenty-five members who represented, not free citizens, but property in slaves. They and their fellows have taken care that once or twice only have their slaves been counted for direct taxation. The great slaveholder of the South—and there is more than one such—who owns a thousand slaves, has a Congressional representation equal to that of a manufacturing village of New England of 600 inhabitants.

By the third provision it is agreed that "No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." The provision applies to all states alike, whether slave or free, and is just as applicable to bound apprentices or servants as to slaves. A somewhat similar rule is provided for the case of persons charged with crime under state laws.

And this is the whole of it. The word slavery or slave is not mentioned in the Constitution, for its framers were ashamed of both, had as little to say—they thought—as they possibly could about them, and then by a circumlocution. They hoped of slavery as they did of the foreign slave-trade, to see its speedy extinction, and they so framed the Constitution that it should altogether ignore its existence, except in the specified instances where it might touch the interests of, or become a subject of municipal regulation in, the free states. They agreed—and we their descendants continue the agreement till we see fit to rescind it by amending the Constitution—only that the slaveholder might have his fugitive slaves wherever he could find them, unhindered by direct laws giving the slave his freedom; that in direct taxation and Congressional representation the slave population should be reckoned according to a certain rule; that slave insurrections, like other domestic disturbances, should be suppressed. The widest latitude of interpretation can find no other provisions of the Constitution that bear in any way upon this institution peculiar to the Southern states. Slavery, as a system, the founders of the Government simply let alone; they neither proposed to abolish it, guaranty it, nor maintain it; nor did they, in providing for an amendment of the Constitution, bind themselves or us to abolish it, guaranty it, maintain it, or meddle with it in any whatever. They only made certain definite regulations in regard to certain definite cases, to hold good till the legislatures of three-fourths of the states, or conventions in three-fourths thereof, should see fit to change them. And there they left it, to live or perish, to flourish or fade away, as to the future should seem good.

The Constitution provides for its own amendment. Two-thirds of both Houses of Congress may to-morrow propose to change it, or the legislatures of two-thirds of the states may do so, by abolishing the three-fifths rule, by striking out the clause relating to the rendition of fugitives, and by prohibiting the Federal Goverment from interfering in any effort the slaves may make to regain their freedom; and these amendments shall be a part of the Constitution if ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures, or three-fourths of conventions of the people of the states. Slavery would then be without even this indirect recognition in the Constitution.

We abstain here from any discussion of the question of the power of Congress or of the people over slavery, by amending the Constitution, or in case of rebellion in the slave states. Our purpose is simply to show that the constitutional recogition of the system is carefully limited to specific cases, and that the obligation in those cases is one that may be fully recalled whenever three-fourths of the people shall vote to recall it. Before entering upon the discussion of any subject, it is always well to understand precisely what the subject is, and to see to it that the thing to be proved is not assumed on the one side and allowed on the other, as the basis of argument.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—We have seen an elaborate piece of penmanship of the Lord's Prayer, executed by D. F. Brown, costing the artist five years of patient labor. The size of the piece is twenty-eight by thirty-eight inches. Interspersed among the letters are twenty-four pictures, copied from the old masters, representing the chief acts of Christ's life on earth. The work is to be engraved in the highest style of art, at an expense of ten thousand dollars, and copies will be sold by subscription. It may be remembered that the artist was the successful competitor at the World's Fair in ornamental pen-work.

CONFISCATION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

In *The Independent* of the 30th Jan. inst. the subjects of confiscation and emancipation are treated of. The article takes the correct position, that the term "*confiscation*" can only be applied to dealings with the property of *alien* enemies, and it is also right in saying that the Government, in dealing with the property of rebel subjects, must proceed against it as a punishment for crime.

The question then occurs, For what crime? Can it be any other than treason? And if so, can there be any other punishment awarded to it than such as shall be in accordance with that clause of the United States Constitution (Art. 3, Sec. 3) which reads as follows: "The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, *or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted?*" If the Government is to touch the slaves of a rebel because he is a traitor, it must touch them as a forfeiture. But it cannot take them as a forfeiture, except during his life. How, then, can it *emancipate* them? If they are emancipated, set free, they cannot be taken again by his heirs-at-law or next of kin. And yet any emancipation, as an act of forfeiture, which will operate upon them or their condition for a period longer than the life of the rebel owner, and thus deprive his representatives of a control over them, would seem to be in conflict with that provision of the Federal Constitution above cited.

How, then, is the emancipation of the slave, as an act of punishment for his master's treason, to be reconciled with constitutional provisions? F.

February 15, 1862.

We have neither time nor space for a full answer to the questions propounded. We can only state our views in a few general propositions, without attempting to collect the legal and historical illustrations that are pertinent.

We wish first to say, however, that we would not be too confident in the position that confiscation of the property of enemies is restricted to *alien* enemies. It is so treated in the books, because it has been so applied. Whether the property of enemies, *not aliens*, may be confiscated on the same grounds, is another question—perhaps a new one.

And, it may be observed, that rebels engaged in war may be regarded both as *enemies* and as *traitors*. Treason may be committed, either by "levying war" against the Government, or by "adhering, or giving aid and comfort to enemies." If *citizens* actually *levy war* against the Government, they thereby become "enemies," so that other citizens will be guilty of treason by adhering to, or aiding them. *Burr's case*, 4 *Cranch*, 469. Therefore, when a rebellion has actually culminated *in war*, the rebels are *enemies*.

The right, during war, to seize and sequestrate all the property of enemies, no one will question. The subjects of another government at war with us, who themselves reside among us, are not necessarily enemies *in fact*. But they are held to be enemies constructively by the action of their government; and the right of confiscation is based upon this *constructive* enmity. How much stronger the reason for confiscating the property of rebels who are *actually* enemies!

The act of Congress of July 13, 1861, creates a forfeiture of certain kinds of property owned by citizens of states that have seceded, even if such owners are themselves loyal,—on the ground that they are involved in the acts of their state governments. This act has recently been sustained by Judge Sprague, and a part of a cargo belonging to a loyal citizen of Virginia is condemned, because the government of his state is levying war against the United States. This statute and decision go much further than an act confiscating the property of rebels.

We make these suggestions as worthy of consideration, notwithstanding the views we have previously expressed.

But if we assume that the property of the rebels can be confiscated, not because they are *enemies*, but only because they are *criminals*; and that the crime for which their property may be confiscated is treason, or misprision of treason, or a conspiracy against the Government, in violation of the act of July 31, 1861, the right to provide for the forfeiture and emancipation of the slaves remains.

And though much might be said in support of the proposition that Art. 3, Sec. 3, of the U. S. Constitution was designed merely to abrogate the effect of *attainder* at common law, we will admit, with Judge Story, that it was intended to limit the nature and extent of the punishment which Congress might impose. But there is no other limit than this. Any punishment, therefore, may be imposed which is not embraced in it.

1. This limitation is restricted to "attainder." This word was used as understood at common law. By the common law, certain consequences resulted from attainder, as a necessary consequence. One of these was the forfeiture of *lands*. This is within the exception; and therefore treason cannot be punished by a forfeiture of *lands*, except during the life of the offender. Lands may be confiscated, and taken by the Government; but at the death of the offender, the title will revest in his heirs, not only because there is no corruption of blood, but because the forfeiture is limited to the life estate.

But the forfeiture of *chattels* was not limited to cases of *attainder*. It followed in all cases of *conviction*, whether the person convicted was *attainted* or not. It was not the natural consequence of attainder. It was simply a penalty for the crime, liable to be imposed whether the offender was otherwise punished, or not. If *attainder* for treason had been absolutely annulled, the liability of forfeiture of *personal* property would have remained.

2. It is evident that this was so understood by the men who framed, and by the people who adopted, the Constitution. The term, "*during the life* of the person attainted," can have no other reasonable interpretation. Many chattels can be used only by being consumed. None can be used without destruction or waste. We will not charge the founders of the republic with the folly of attempting to provide for a partial and temporary forfeiture of chattels. There were several English statutes with which they were familiar, restricting the forfeiture of *lands* by attainder to the life of the person attainted. Some others had been enacted, to take effect *in futuro*. These were afterwards *suspended*. They were liable to be, and at a still later day actually were, repealed, leaving the consequences of attainder in full force. See Act 39, Geo. III. ch. 93. The provision in the Constitution was simply a re-enactment of these, in the fundamental law, so that they might not be again suspended or be repealed. It can have no effect upon the liability of traitors to the forfeiture of chattels.

3. This is still more clearly evident, from the fact that it is not, as it might easily have been made, a general limitation of *forfeiture*, but merely a limitation of the effect of *attainder*. This, as has been stated, applied to *lands* only. "Attainder," as the word imports, was a *stain* or corruption of blood, resulting from *sentence of death*. It destroyed all *inheritable* qualities, so that the person attainted could transmit no inheritance to his children, nor could they inherit *through* him, from any remote ancestor. This was of Norman origin, and became a part of the common law, without any known act of Parliament. As its effect was to destroy the power to transmit by *inheritance*, the *natural* consequences related to *lands* only, which descended by inheritance, and not to *chattels*, which went to the executor, and in which, if the kindred were interested, they could assert no right by inheritance, but only under the statutes of distributions. This was the reason why there was no forfeiture of *lands* at common law without attainder, while attainder was not necessary to the forfeiture of *chattels*. The great lawyers and statesmen of 1787 understood this; and by imposing no constitutional limitation, except upon the consequences of attainder, they have left Congress free to provide for the forfeiture of the *chattels* of traitors, including slaves. If forfeited, they may be, or rather, they *are* emancipated.

ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WE have received from a friend in Washington a printed copy of the Senate bill first introduced by Senator Wilson and reported with some amendments by Mr. Morrill, entitled "A Bill for the Release of certain Persons held to Service or Labor in the District of Columbia." It provides that all persons so held, "by reason of African Descent," are hereby discharged from all such claim, and that "from and after the passage of this act, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime whereof the party shall be duly convicted, shall hereafter exist in said District." It then appropriates a million of dollars, to be divided at the discretion of three commissioners, among the valid claimants of such service, (*i. e.*, holders of slaves,) who shall within ninety days present their claims and declare their allegiance to the U. S. Government—the commissioners to make their "full and final" report within nine months. The commissioners are to have a clerk and a marshal, to subpœna witnesses, to examine claimants and persons claimed under oath, and decide finally all questions before them except when any claimant shall bring a bill in equity to try his claim.

We have no doubt that the object of this bill meets the earnest wishes of the great mass of loyal people at the North, and that its accomplishment (of which, we trust, there is no doubt) will form one of the brightest chapters in the record of the present Congress. For thirty years we have been petitioning for this, by thousands and hundreds of thousands, in vain. Our nation has been a reproach on account of slavery allowed and cherished at the very seat of its power. Now that, at last, we have an Administration and a Congress which, if representing anything but spoils, represent the anti-slavery idea of the free states, with a clear working majority in both Houses, we earnestly hope that no bullying or chicanery may be allowed to defeat or delay this cardinal measure of right and justice. Let there be a firm determination on the part of its friends to put it through, by dint of firmness and resolution—avoiding protracted debate, and pressing the question to a vote on its merits, without any needless delay. The country will be satisfied with nothing short of this, and to fail in it will stamp both the Congress and the Administration with the brand of imbecility or treachery.

The practical objections to this measure were always worthless, but are now disgraceful. What if Maryland clings to slavery? By the same token she cherishes disloyalty, and is at this moment but half-hearted in the Union. If Maryland should legislate directly to prevent the fertility of her fields and the prosperity of her people, would that be a reason for perpetuating barrenness and poverty in the District? Congress has "exclusive jurisdiction" there, and Maryland has no more right there than Wisconsin, no more claim to control affairs in Washington than in Philadelphia. The social atmosphere is becoming healthful, let the laws and institutions be made such as are honorable to a free and refined people.

We are glad, on the whole, that this bill is confined to a single object, where we can make a stand until it is carried, and where we can drive down a stake on the very boundary line between slavery and freedom. Let that be done, and the chain is severed for ever by which this glorious republic has been held in ignoble subjection to the basest oligarchy on the face of the earth. It will be not a declaration but an act of independence. That once done, the slaveholders and their Northern parasites will know and feel that their power is gone, never to return. From that hour, the Government of the United States will be administered on free ground and according to republican principles. Our republican Administration will be a by-word to the world if it allows itself to be brow-beaten or cajoled out of its power in this matter.

We have but a word to say as to the appropriation of a million of dollars. The benefit is cheap enough at the price, if such payment is necessary to secure the bill. We may buy our freedom, when we cannot get it otherwise, as we once bought the freedom of our citizens who were held in slavery by the Barbary pirates. We simply protest against the claim, and shall take the liberty of marking the names of those who receive the money, so that neither they nor their children nor ours shall forget it. What further legislation may be needed to root out every trace of slavery legislation, we can attend to afterwards. Only, we beg of Congress not to spend another blow upon the branches of the poison-tree, or upon the suckers that have sprung up around its trunk, until they have first laid in their ax effectively at the root of the whole mischief, and thus destroyed its power to recover or to grow.

Whatever measures may be required, either by justice or humanity, for the protection and improvement of those who, after long privation, shall now be restored to their God-given rights, to labor for wages, to enjoy their homes, and to train up their children in the right way, may safely be left to the wisdom of Congress and the benevolence of the American people, *after* this one grand and comprehensive wrong of enslavement shall have been done away. We all look to Congress to see that this first and definitive step shall not fail nor be delayed.

LESSON-BOOK FOR FREEDMEN.—We are glad to find that the American Sunday-School Union has at length awaked to the conviction that it is a matter of Christian duty to have the children of Africa taught to read the Bible, and has furnished a very useful book to be used for that purpose, called "The Bible Reader." 12mo., pp. 168. The book is made up in conformity with what is called "The Word Method" of teaching reading. The plan was suggested by Miss Edgeworth, fifty or sixty years ago, and was afterwards elaborated into a system by the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of blessed memory, who adopted it in the "Mother's Primer," and was followed by several other publishers. We have known of such methods being used in prisons, and have no doubt of its admirable adaptation, especially to the use of adult learners. We remember hearing from the late Rev. Louis Dwight, nearly forty years ago, an eloquent description of the experiment of teaching a convict, by the "word method," until he could read for himself the first verse of the Bible.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—The Ninth Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society, just laid in sheets on our table, gives a gratifying record of the usefulness of that society during the past year of crippled means. Eight hundred boys and girls have been rescued from the streets and provided with homes and employment, of whom the larger part were sent to Ohio and Indiana. The society has eight schools with a thousand pupils, of whom most are little girls.

BRITISH OPINION AND BRITISH POLICY.

ENGLAND, Feb. 6, 1862.

In a few hours Parliament will have met, but up to this present there is not the slightest intimation either of any general policy, or of any particular measures to be laid by Ministers before the great council of the nation. Parties are very nearly balanced; but here, too, are Southern sympathizers in the loyal ranks. The party led by Lord Palmerston, and which will dissolve when he is taken away, is largely made up of compromisers, half-principled men, and mere surface Liberals. No further political reforms are to be looked for.

For several years the strength of the Liberal party and of the Ministry has been in their foreign policy. The nation generally had learned to hate Austria; and hence the sympathy with the Italian movement. The Tories were true to their old evil instincts, and did not wholly conceal them. This weakened them, and has strengthened the position of the Ministry. Foreign policy will continue to be the pivot on which party interests will turn. In the United States it is well known what "the course of the British Government" will be. The signs of the *Times* are clearly discerned, and the events of the morrow are from them distinctly known to Americans. The scarcely concealed hostile resolves will become overt acts, and the hopes and certain expectations of the South, and the fears and expectations of the North, will now be realized. This has long been known in the United States. But, with some perversity and persistency, this correspondent affirms that *The London Times* and the American press will continue to be thwarted, contradicted, falsified, by actual British policy.

The Government will be for continued non-intervention; the nation will approve and sustain that policy. A great ship-owner may lift up his voice, and the one Irish member may again bewail the prejudices which will not hear of the virtues and the sufferings of the South. Men who hate Manchester and the cotton lords—hating also free institutions—may become the humane and pathetic advocates of peace, in order to commerce and cotton. These things will be; and furnish the eagerly sought evidences of British hostility to the United States. But, however contradictory, and illogical, and impossible it may be to American apprehension, the British Ministry, Parliament, and Nation will be for continued non-intervention; and the anti-British press in the United States must comfort itself with the harmonious discord of *The Times* and *Morning Herald*.

Mr. John Stuart Mills's most powerful paper on the United States contest is admirably timed. It is nothing less than a Manifesto for Government, for Freedom, and for Humanity; and by its tone and the authority of the writer, as a leading intelligence of the age, will shame into silence some, and keep others silent who fain would speak. If there should be any drawback to the grave pleasure of a true American in reading it, perhaps it may be regret that such a manifesto did not issue from Washington. Already the article has been extensively reprinted in the way of extract. *Macmillan's Magazine* has an article similar in tone and spirit, in a well-written *Retrospect of the American Difficulty*. What Mr. Mills has done without naming *The Times* and the Tory press, *Macmillan* does expressly. The so-called leading journal is described as having itself been passing through no slight ordeal, its influence and its circulation being affected by the success and ability of the newspapers. "Its conduct has been neither so judicious nor so successful since its superiority has begun to be questioned." With gentle sarcasm, the writer assumes that *The Times* proposes to avenge England upon *The New York Herald*, "which, with a crowd of contemptible journals, have sinned extravagantly against good feeling and generosity, in their animadversions upon ourselves." The question of abolition as involved in the contest is discussed, and the ultra abolitionists of England are told, "that though the North is not contending for the forcible emancipation of the negro, it is contending for a noble and a sacred stake:" *The Cornhill Magazine* has a short article by Mr. Thackeray; his own manner strongly marked, graphic, and vivid. He depicts, as out of a personal experience, the horrors of "this nightmare of war, which for weeks has been riding us." He places the frightful probabilities, or rather the instant fears, which filled men's souls. The satirist then adverts to the threat of confiscation—the confiscation of "six hundred millions' worth of American stock owned by British subjects," the forfeiture of which was to be held over England. Mr. Thackeray approaches too near the American pattern in speaking of this, as if *The N. Y. Herald* were the New York press, threatening to confiscate English property with the base and vulgar notion that such threats would weigh with a nation which felt its honor to be at stake.

Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Bright are under engagements to meet their constituents; apart from these the meetings of this kind are ended. The last three or four accord with all the popular gatherings which have gone before. In ancient York the policy of continued non-interference was "unanimously" affirmed. At Greenwich the same sentiment prevailed, also without question. At Lincoln there has been quite an extraordinary outbreak upon an election: one of the candidates was vehemently and solemnly denounced as having been once an owner of slaves, by purchase, at Rio. He, Mr. Bramley Moore, promptly came out with a denial of the impeachment, which was held to be "infamous," and certainly it would have been fatal to his elective prospects. Mr. Bramley Moore is a Liverpool man; was a resident at Rio thirty years since. The old Cathedral City displayed quite a violent anti-slavery excitement.

Mr. Roupell, M. P. for Lambeth, in addressing his constituents showed a narrowness of view. He expressed the hope that the people of England would suppress their "disgust" at the war; but he would have them turn away from the tempter who would desire them to interfere on either side. Upon being interrogated, he said he thought we were bound to receive any dispatches brought by Slidell and Mason, but that did *not* imply the recognition of the South. He finally had to repeat his assurances to the people that "he had *no* sympathy with the South." The ablest exposition yet made is by Mr. Caird, M. P. for Dunfermline. He is the greatest living authority on agriculture, a thorough statistician, a traveler in the U. S., and a personal friend of Gen. McClellan. He examined the American question, first in its material aspects as affecting England, and then gave the moral estimate. He declared his sympathies to be warmly and entirely with the North; and declared it to be his opinion that our leading statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, would not at all rejoice in the failure of the republican institutions of America. A vote of thanks was enthusiastically given by the meeting to Mr. Caird.

The annual meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has been held, and challenges American notice. Like Manchester, and a hundred other places, it will *not* conform to the preconceived American notion. Non-interference, extension of neutral rights to the American point of covering all neutral property, and respect for the blockade, were the opinions affirmed by the council and sustained by the meeting.

At the end of these brief notes indicating British opinion, permission is asked to refer to a statement made by one of the best informed and most trustworthy of American writers. Not merely a great majority, but it might be said the whole, of our public speaking to popular assemblages has been on the side of the United States—against interference, and with more or less of clearness and warmth against the South and the course of the Southern leaders. It has been so from north to south. From Inverary, Dundee, Montrose, Greenock, Dunfermline, to southern Plymouth and Brighton, and at midland Northampton, it has been the same. It has been the same even at the very centers of the cotton industry—at Oldham and Barnley. Bradford and Leeds have been in accord, and, as we have seen, the Chambers of Commerce at Liverpool and Manchester were the reverse of allies to the South, though so accounted of, and insisted to be, in the United States. Nevertheless, Mr. Horace Greeley says "the greater portion of England's speaking public men misconceive and misstate American movements; and that there is a dominant British purpose to interfere in American affairs," (*Independent*, Jan. 16.) Another American writer, exaggerating this very erroneous statement, actually declares, "We should have conquered the South but for England." Apart from the inaccuracy of such statements, the want of self-respect and of dignity which they imply, is truly humiliating to the best friends of the United States.

THE VICEROY OF IRELAND ON THE CONFLICT.

The Earl of Carlisle attended the inaugural banquet of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on Monday, the 3d. This British peer used to be accounted of as one of the special friends of, and earnest good wishers for free America. Whether he, therefore, like Earl Shaftesbury, is now libeled throughout the Union, or, like Mr. Cobden, has a foolish prophecy tacked on to him, it would be rash to say; but on the 3d inst. this amiable and right-minded peer went out of his way, and stepped over the rigid line of etiquette, to express his anxiety about "ONE THING;" which take here in brief:

"We have now reason thankfully to feel that we are not ourselves called upon to draw the avenging sword. Would that we could plant the olive of peace between the two contending bands, both sprung up from our own race. But as I think we have determined to observe a strict neutrality, I feel I might be departing from a strict consistency with this course if I were to seek to pronounce any formal judgment between the combatants on both sides. *One thing I own I am anxious about, that in the shifting and changing relations which must always wait upon such protracted struggles, we may never suffer our national consciences to be tarnished by losing sight of those principles of right which are absolute and eternal. I may mention, by way of illustration, that I trust no conceivable circumstances can lead this free and impartial land to recede one jot from its undying abhorrence of slavery.*"

It may be remembered that the Duke of Argyle took the same high ground from which to view the irrepressible conflict. W.

IMPORTANT LETTERS.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS ARE DOING.

THE following specimen letters to *The Independent*, lately received, will show the results of a little effort on the part of our friends to increase the number of our readers. We appreciate this labor, so kindly and cordially given, and hope others, by thousands, will render us, and the cause in which we are engaged, the same assistance. Reader, may we be permitted to invite your attention to the fact that we will allow you one dollar each for every NEW subscriber sent us at the time (and at that time only) of renewing your own subscription? Now is the most appropriate season of the year for such labor.

DECATUR, ILL., Feb. —, 1862.

MR. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS:

Inclosed find $16 for the following twelve new and two old subscribers.

Yours, J. V. G——.

ALLEGHENY, Feb. 1, 1862.

J. H. RICHARDS, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed draft for $15, for which please renew my subscription, and send copies to the following thirteen names.

Yours truly, J. M. C——.

ASHLAND, OHIO, Jan. 24, 1862.

J. H. RICHARDS, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed I send you $11 for nine new subscribers and mine renewed.

Yours truly, J. M. G——.

PENN YAN, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1862.

J. H. RICHARDS, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed find $9. Please renew my subscription, and send to the following seven new subscribers.

Yours, etc., G. R. C——.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6, 1861.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, ESQ.:

SIR: Herewith inclosed I hand you exchange on Am. Ex. Bank for sixteen dollars, for the renewal of my copy of *The Independent* for 1862, and fourteen others of my friends, to whom I desire to present each a copy, and more particularly from the fact that each number contains a sermon from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. W. B——.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 2, 1862.

MR. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS:

DEAR SIR: I have long been a reader of your paper, and now wish to add a list of nine new names of my friends, to whom I wish to make a cheap but valuable present. I inclose $11 to renew my subscription and prepay the nine others.

Your old subscriber, J. K——.

ELLINGTON, Jan. 1. 1862.

MR. RICHARDS:

SIR: You will find inclosed for *The Independent* $13, two for myself, and eleven for the same number of new subscribers.

Yours respectfully, W. S. P——.

ROSCOE, WINNEBAGO CO., ILL., Jan. 6, 1862.

MR. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS:

Agreeable to proposition noticed in *The Independent*, I inclose $11, for which I renew my subscription and send the names of nine new subscribers.

Yours respectfully, W. F. J——.

HILLSBORO' CO., N. H., Jan. 7, 1862.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS:

DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find $12 with which to renew my subscription for *The Independent*, also to renew J. F.'s subscription, and for eight copies directed as follows.

Yours truly, H. E. A——, P.-M.

SULLIVAN, Jan. 6, 1862.

MR. J. H. RICHARDS:

Please find inclosed $10 for *The Independent*, addressed to the following names. This, I believe, is in accordance with your late proposals—a renewal of my own subscription, with eight others.

Respectfully yours, M. N. V. F——.

NOTICES.

DAILY UNION PRAYER-MEETING in the chapel of the Fleet-street M. E. church, near Fulton avenue, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock A.M.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—In consequence of the protracted indisposition of the General Agent, Mr. S. B. Halliday, the usual annual collections have not been made this season. The necessary expenses during the last month were nearly twice the amount received. The Trustees, under these circumstances, therefore appeal by advertisement instead of personal solicitation FOR IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE. Donations may be sent to either of the Trustees, to Marshall Lefferts, Treasurer, to Messrs. Duncan & Sherman, Bankers, or to B. R. BARLOW, Superintendent. New York, Feb. 20, 1862.

THE SOCIETY OF INQUIRY of Union Theological Seminary will hold its Anniversary in Madison-square Presbyterian church, Wednesday evening, March 5, at 7½ o'clock. Music by the choir of the church. The public are invited to attend.

MARRIED.

HALL—COLLISTER—In Warren, Mass., the 19th inst., by Levi B. Mowry, Esq., Mr. Willard Hall to Miss Mary A. Collister, both of Warren, Mass.

DIED.

JUDSON—In Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, Jan. 17, 1862, Mrs. Clarissa C. Judson, wife of Isaac N. Judson, aged 54 years and 10 months.

JUDSON—In Bridgeport, Ct., on Thursday, Feb. 6, 1862, Dr. Frederick J. Judson, aged 58 years.

LARNED—In New Haven, Feb. 3, Rev. William A. Larned, aged 55, Professor of Rhetoric in Yale College. Was a native of Thompson, Ct. He graduated at Yale in 1829, and was some years pastor of the Congregational church in Millbury, Mass. In 1839 he was elected to the Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature in Yale College, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of the late Prof. C. A. Goodrich to the Theological Seminary. Here he served faithfully and usefully until his death. On Sunday afternoon he listened, with marked interest and attention, to a discourse on the immortal life that is brought to light by the Gospel. On Monday afternoon he entered upon the fruition of its glorious rest. Having discharged his usual duties in the forenoon, and dined with his family with his wonted cheerfulness, he left his residence at a little before 4 o'clock, to take a walk, as was his frequent custom, being well and hopeful enough to brave the snow-storm without. At about 6 he was brought to his residence in an unconscious state, to breathe in his house some 12 minutes, when all was over. He was found near Prospect street, not far from the railway, in an insensible condition, having fallen suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which he did not recover, till

"Mortality was swallowed up of life."

One of his associates in the College writes in *The New Haven Journal*:

"The blow is heavy upon his invalid wife, who depended so entirely upon him for society and sympathy; upon his associates in office, who confided in and loved him so well; and upon his acquaintances and friends in this community, with so many of whom he was an especial favorite and a welcome guest. He was gifted with a superior intellect, and had made important acquisitions in many branches of knowledge, in classical literature, general philology, mental science, as well as in the studies connected with rhetoric and criticism. He was a faithful instructor and college officer, generously devoted to all the interests of his college, and ready to sacrifice himself at all times and in any manner to her service. He was a public-spirited man, warmly interested in the welfare of the city, and intensely and almost painfully agitated by the great struggle which is now convulsing the country which he loved so anxiously and so well. He was simple, true, and transparent in his character; confiding in his friends and wholly confided in by them, and a man who never disappointed their confidence. He was self-distrustful, almost to a fault, and failed most of all in that he did not do justice to his own powers, through excessive modesty. He was a believer in Christ, intelligent, enlightened, and thoughtful, but childlike, simple-hearted, and fervent; in whose later years there has been a delightful maturity of Christian character, an ever increasing fervency of feeling, and readiness to express to others his faith and hope."

FRIDE—At Middletown, Ct., Aug. 8, 1861, Hannah T., wife of Dr. Wm. W. Pride, aged 63 years and 8 days.

"A saint has ceased to pray."

Silently yet gloriously true lives are being closed up, as one by one the noble and generous spirits quit the world which they lived to bless.

The subject of this affectionate tribute was born at Princeton, Mass., July 31, 1799. About four years later her family removed to Harford, Susquehanna co., Pa. Herein 1818 she united with the Presbyterian Church. Here her life was spent, some part of it as a successful teacher, till 1821, when she was sent as a missionary teacher to the Choctaw Indians. Her labors among them were marked by the same earnest and constant zeal, the same depth and richness of affection, and the same unfaltering trust, which were the peculiar features of an unvaried life, and which told to all that "she had been with Jesus."

She was united with Mr. Pride in 1822, and in 1828 she returned North. Most of her useful life has been spent in Springville, Pa. In the church, in the home sanctuary, in the social circle, by the couch of the suffering, as a Christian, a neighbor, a mother, a friend, in all those offices and in all those graces which are woman's own, she was held in an appreciation which can be felt only. For some years Mrs. P. has known much suffering. How she has stood this touchstone of character is best said in the words of a bereaved daughter, who, speaking of the cheerfulness that marked her chamber, says, "It did not seem at all like a sick-room;" and who says also, "We shed no tears for her." With Mrs. P. religion was life's business; and the one sweet thought of life that Jesus hath died for his people.

"Angels, rejoice! another string
Has caught the strains above;
Rejoice, rejoice! a new-fledged wing
Around the Throne is hovering
In sweet, glad, wondering love."

MANCHESTER—At Utica, Jan. 20, Mary, wife of Eli Manchester, and daughter of John Bradish, Esq. Mrs. M. had long been a consistent and active member of the First church in Utica. She loved the Sabbath-school, in which she was for many years a teacher. In that unfortunate class of children connected with the Orphan Asylum she took a deep interest, and was an officer in the institution.

But in her home, where she was best known, she was most justly appreciated and ardently loved. In the several relations of wife, daughter, and sister, she was faithful in the discharge of duty, forgetful of self, and untiring in her efforts to render all about her happy.

Suddenly removed from those she loved so well—with scarcely a moment's warning—she could leave no dying testimony to the worth of a good hope in Christ—and *none was needed*.

HOTCHKIN—At Lenox, Mass., on the 19th of February, in great peace, Rev. John Hotchkin, aged 67.

HOLDEN—In Scio, August 1, 1859, of scarlet fever, Augusta S., aged 5 years and 1 month. Jan. 2, 1862, of diphtheria, Eddie B., aged 1 year and 1 month; also, Jan. 23, of same disease, Minnie S., aged 3 years and 3 months, only remaining child of Charles N. and Martha A. E. Holden, formerly of Shirley, Mass.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE.—THE VOLUNTEERS are braving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds, and Cholera. Many a gallant fellow will leave his bones to bleach, who, by the aid of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, would have returned to his family strong and healthy. Soldiers, try them! Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

COAL!
$4 40
Per Ton—2,000 lbs.
Well screened, and delivered promptly.
No. 195 West Eleventh street, and 151 Eighth avenue.
A. HEARTT.

FOR GOOD GRAPES AND HOW TO GROW them, see THE VINEYARD, published monthly at Twenty-five cents a year by WM. P. PECK and WM. ROWE at No. 11 Exchange place, Jersey City, N. J.
Send coin or stamps, and address as above.

LADIES' FRENCH SHOES, BALMORAL Boots, and every description of Fashionable Shoes and Gaiters for Ladies and Children, at reduced prices, at SLATER'S, No. 658 Broadway, near Fourteenth st.

L. D. OLMSTED & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
L. D. OLMSTED] [LYMAN BAIRD
LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENCY.
Investments made at ten per cent. interest, amply secured by mortgage on property in Chicago.
NOTES AND DRAFTS COLLECTED, AND OLD CLAIMS ADJUSTED AND SECURED.
References to correspondents at different points East will be furnished, with circulars, giving details of business to any one applying by letter.

CURTAINS. CORNICES,
LACE CURTAINS,
Until April 15, at the store,
No. 449 BROADWAY.
Twenty-five per cent. saved between the present and spring prices. The balance left consists of
Tambourd Lace, from ..... $3 to $25
Application Curtains, from ..... 3 to 11
Embroidered Muslin Curtains, from ..... 2 to 8
Nottingham Curtains, from ..... 1 to 6
Muslin Draperies, from ..... 12½ cents to 50 cents.
Vestibule Lace, from ..... 25 cents to $1 50
Cornices, from ..... 50 cents to $3 00
Shade Hollands, from ..... 18 cents to 40 cents.
M. HARRINGTON,
At the old premises of C. C. Merchant & Co., No. 449 Broadway.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED NOISELESS
SEWING-MACHINES,
FOR FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING USE
No. 495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
The GROVER & BAKER SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY now offer, in addition to their splendid stock of Machines making the CELEBRATED GROVER & BAKER STITCH, new and superior SHUTTLE or "LOCK-STITCH" Machines, adapted to all varieties of Sewing, much more *simple, durable, noiseless*, and *perfect* than any "LOCK-STITCH" Machines heretofore in use. All who use this class of Machines will find the new LOCK-STITCH Machines by GROVER & BAKER, a great advance upon all LOCK-STITCH Machines heretofore in use.

A GENTLEMAN WRITING FROM KING'S Brigade, Arlington House, says: "The measles have left our men with very severe coughs, so that many otherwise well have not been able for weeks to attend the reviews; and all night long, from one end of the camp to the other, one hears a continuous coughing. A number have been recently using the Pain-Killer, and some of the worst cases have been apparently cured by it in a few days. Mixed—a large spoonful of the Pain-Killer with about half a cupful of molasses, it makes the best cough-syrup I ever used."

COMMUNION FURNITURE.
Silver-Plated and Britannia COMMUNION SETS, of various patterns and prices, to suit the wants of all.
A liberal discount to the trade, and also to Mission Churches.
Also, a large assortment of fine
PLATED AND BRITANNIA WARE,
At Reduced Prices,
At the old Stand of LUCIUS HART,
Nos. 4 and 6 Burling Slip, New York.

TARRANT'S
EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT
Is recommended by the Medical Faculty, and the popular experience of many years, as the
BEST SALINE APERIENT,
Adapted to all ages and both sexes, in all complaints requiring a
GENTLE AND COOLING PURGATIVE, APERIENT, OR EFFERVESCING DRAUGHT.
It is in the form of a Powder, carefully put up in bottles to keep in any climate, and merely requires water poured upon it to produce a delightful effervescent beverage.
Manufactured only by TARRANT & CO.,
No. 278 Greenwich street, (cor. Warren st.,) New York.
And for sale by Druggists generally.

SOMETHING NEW.
DOWNER'S HEMMER AND SHIELD
Saves one-half the labor of hand-sewing, as it protects the finger from the needle, and makes a neat hem while the operator is sewing. Sample sent on receipt of the price,
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
A liberal discount to the trade.
Enterprising agents can realize $150 PER MONTH.
Descriptive Circulars furnished on application.
A. H. DOWNER, No. 442 Broadway.

HILL'S HAIR DYE, 50 CENTS.—BLACK OR BROWN.
The best in use for Color, Durability, etc. Warranted. Depot, No. 1 Barclay st., N. Y., and sold by all Druggists and at all fancy goods stores.

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!
WILLIAM A. BATCHELER'S Hair Dye is the best in the world. All others are imitations. Apply at No. 16 Bond street, and sold everywhere. Factory, No. 81 Barclay street.

POULTRY AND FARM PRODUCE
Of all kinds sold on Commission. Full directions how to prepare and dress poultry for this market will be sent free to all who apply. Consignments solicited.
ISAAC EMENS, No. 226 FRONT ST., NEW YORK.
Refers to the Editor of *The American Agriculturist*.
R. S. Williams, President of Market Bank, N. Y.

FOR SALE.
A CAST-STEEL BELL,
OF THE FIRST QUALITY.
Suitable for a Church or Academy.
WILL BE SOLD LOW FOR CASH.
Address J. M. D., this Office.

GRAVEL, KIDNEY AFFECTIONS, AND ALL *Difficulties of the Bladder*, are soon relieved and cured by BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which are also *the best medicine* for fevers and colds.
CURE OF GRAVEL IN TWO WEEKS.
LEE, Oneida county, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1862.
Doctor B. Brandreth:
My Dear Sir: I received your letter acknowledging draft on Metropolitan Bank for thirty dollars, for *Brandreth's Pills*, which have been largely sold in this town for the last thirty years, and their sale and usefulness continue to extend.
Within a few weeks one of the most respectable of our citizens was sorely afflicted with Gravel; no less than eight medical men were called in, with a view of giving relief to the severe pain, which caused the patient to utter piercing cries, which were heard a block. The doctors exerted their skill in vain; as a last resort, *Brandreth's Pills* were purchased from me. The first dose of six gave ease, and two boxes effected a perfect cure within two weeks. I shall be pleased to refer to the patient, if you deem the case worthy of investigation further. In our town there are persons who have been cured of almost every disease by the use of these Pills alone, which causes their reputation to be very great. Be sure and see my "new supply are fresh Pills; my customers do not like stale Pills."
Your friend and Agent,
of many years' standing,
ASA FILLMORE.
IMPORTANT TO PURCHASERS.
To secure against counterfeits, ask for Brandreth's Pills in NEW STYLE;
and the first box purchase, if possible, at No. 294 CANAL STREET, or No. 4 UNION SQUARE. You can never be cheated by spurious pill's after you have seen the new style of putting up.
B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.
OFFICE, No. 94 BROADWAY.

Cash Assets of the Company on 1st of Feb. 1861		$6,989,856 74
Receipts for the Year ending Jan. 31, 1862		1,593,731 31
		$8,583,567 05
Disbursements during the Year		743,820 76
NET CASH ASSETS, 1st February, 1862		$7,839,766 29
Invested as follows:		
Cash on hand and in Bank	$421,433 82	
Bonds and Mortgages	6,536,924 41	
United States Stock	783,782 50	
Real Estate	76,513 24	
Due from Agents	21,112 32	$7,839,766 29
Add interest accrued but not yet due		90,000 00
Add deferred Premiums (estimated)		125,000 00
Add arrears of Premiums in course of Transmission		21,492 48
GROSS ASSETS, 1st February, 1862		$8,086,258 77
Number of Policies Issued during the Year		1,221
Number of Policies in force		12,005
Insuring		$35,424,009
Increase in net cash assets for the year		$849,909 55
Decrease in the amount at risk for the year		$1,973,574 00

THIS COMPANY offers the following peculiar advantages to persons intending to insure their lives:
ITS ASSETS are LARGER than those of any Life Insurance Company in the United States, amounting to over
EIGHT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS,
and are EXCLUSIVELY CASH.
THE PROPORTION OF ITS CASH ASSETS to the Amount at risk is GREATER than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States.
ITS RATES OF PREMIUM are LOWER than those of the majority of other Life Insurance Companies—yet its Dividends have been GREATER; the result of a very low rate of mortality among the Insured, consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives.
THE MORTALITY AMONG ITS MEMBERS has been proportionably LESS than that of any other Life Insurance Company in either America or Europe whose experience has been made known—a result in the highest degree favorable to Policy-holders.
THE NUMBER OF LIVES INSURED in this Company greatly exceeds that of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States, thus affording a SECURITY above them all—the NECESSARY LAW OF AVERAGE having more scope for operation.
THE ASSETS of the Company are invested exclusively on Bond and Mortgage on Real Estate in the City and State of New York, worth in each case at least DOUBLE the amount loaned, and bearing interest at Seven per cent. and in the United States Stocks; the solidity and security of this disposition of the Company's Funds cannot be overrated.
This Company will as usual pay, on application at the Office, the Cash value of any Policy, when the holder wishes to surrender the same.
Circulars containing the Rates of Premium and a full explanation of the new scheme of Survivorship Annuities, may be had on application at the office of the Company.

Secretary, ISAAC ABBATT,
Actuary, SHEPPARD HOMANS.
Medical Examiner, MINTURN POST, M.D.

NOTE.—The business of this Company is conducted on the MUTUAL principle, in the strictest sense of the term; the entire surplus, DEDUCTING NECESSARY EXPENSES ALONE, being equitably divided among the Assured.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
FIRST SCRIP DIVIDEND FOR 1861—60 PER CENT.
WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY,
NO. 54 WALL STREET.
NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1862.
FIRE AND INLAND NAVIGATION INSURANCE.

Assets Feb. 1, 1862		$504,720 84
Liabilities		12,170 00
Capital and Surplus		$492,550 84

Three-fourths of the Profits divided annually to the Insured, without their incurring any liability whatever.
A Dividend of 6⅔ (Six and a half) per cent. has this day been declared, payable on demand.
ALSO,
A Scrip Dividend of 60 (Sixty) per cent. to the Policy-Holders on the earned premiums of participating policies, for the year ending January 31, 1862. The scrip will be ready for delivery on and after the 1st of March prox.
The office of the Company will remove on or about the 1st of May to the new building, No. 172 Broadway, corner of Maiden lane.
GEO. C. SATTERLEE, Pres.
HENRY WESTON, Vice-Pres.
WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.

THE GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.
THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY.

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III. CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.
IV. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY: Mr. Bancroft's Oration.
V. THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON. The Approach to the Fort; Its Peculiar Position; The Spartan Courage of Our Troops; The Three Days' Fighting; The Surrender of the Fort; How Floyd Stole Away; Review of the Victory; Various Interesting Incidents.
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XXIX. COMMERCIAL MATTERS: Full Reports of the Stock, Money, Cotton, Grain, and Cattle Markets, specially Reported for The N. Y. Tribune.

TERMS—One Copy for one year, $3. Two Copies one year, $5. Five Copies, one year, $11 25. Ten Copies, to one address, $20. For a Club of Twenty, we send an Extra Copy.
For a Club of Forty, we send The Daily Tribune gratis.
Address THE TRIBUNE, New York.

CIRCULAR.—OUR PRICE LIST FOR SPRING of 1862, of STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, GRAPES, CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, etc., etc., is now ready, and will be sent to all applicants inclosing stamp.
J. KNOX, Box No. 155, Pittsburg, Pa.

100,000 BARRELS OF THE
LODI MANUFACTURING CO.'S POUDRETTE.
For sale by JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Cortlandt st., New York
The article is the Cheapest, Best, and Most Powerful Fertiliser offered in market. It ripens crops from two to three weeks earlier, is not dangerous to use, nor exhausting to the soil. It has no equal in gardens and upon lawns, flowers, and grass land; and more particularly on the common crop. The saving of labor pays for the Poudrette.
☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. None genuine but Lodi Manufacturing Co.'s Brand, No. 66 Cortlandt st. The Company's Almanac for 1862, with the experience of Horace Greeley, Daniel Webster, and over a hundred farmers in different parts of the States, will be sent free to any one applying for the same. Address JAMES T. FOSTER, care of Lodi Manufacturing Company, No. 66 Cortlandt st., New York.

FOR SALE.—THE CHURCH BUILDING heretofore occupied by the Church of the Redeemer—and four lots of land, on the southerly side of Eighty-fifth street, between Second and Third avenues. Price $10,000. The building alone cost over $15,000. Apply to
WM. DEPEW, No. 53 Cedar street.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEW YORK, January 27, 1862.

THE TRUSTEES, IN CONFORMITY TO THE Charter of the Company, submit the following statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1861:

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1861, to 31st December, 1861		$3,840,286 54
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1861		1,474,290 29
Total amount of Marine Premiums		$5,314,576 82
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks; nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.		
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1861, to 31st December, 1861		$4,155,165 78
Losses paid during the same period	$2,311,650 29	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$726,476 35	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks		$2,923,403 81
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise		800,340 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages		283,760 00
Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages, and other Loans, sundry notes, reinsurance and other claims due the Company, estimated at		123,783 02
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,618,859 02
Cash in Bank		245,543 94
Total amount of Assets		$5,995,089 79

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Fourth of February next.
After reserving TWO AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS of profits, the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1860 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Fourth of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.
A dividend of THIRTY PER CENT. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1861, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Eighth of April next.

The profits of the Company, ascertained from the 1st of July, 1842, to the 1st of January, 1861, for which certificates were issued, amount to		$11,690,210
Additional profits from 1st January, 1861, to 1st January, 1862		1,250,000
Total profits for 19½ years		$12,940,210
The Certificates previous to 1860, have been redeemed by cash		8,889,470
Net earnings remaining with the Company, on 1st January, 1862		$4,050,740

By order of the Board,
W. TOWNSEND JONES, SECRETARY.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,	Caleb Barstow,	Dennis Perkins,
Charles Dennis,	A. P. Pillot,	Joseph Gaillard, Jr.
W. H. H. Moore,	Leroy M. Wiley,	William Wood,
Thomas Tileston,	Daniel S. Miller,	J. Henry Burgy,
Henry Coit,	S. T. Nicoll,	Cornelius Grinnell,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,	Joshua J. Henry,	C. A. Hand,
Lewis Curtis,	Geo. J. Hobson,	Watts Sherman,
Charles H. Russell,	David Lane,	Edward R. Bell,
Lowell Holbrook,	James Bryce,	E. E. Morgan,
Robert C. Goodhue,	Wm. Sturgis, Jr.,	B. J. Howland,
P. A. Hargous,	Henry K. Bogert,	Benj. Babcock,
Meyer Gans,	A. A. Low,	Fletcher Westray,
Royal Phelps,	William E. Dodge,	Rob. B. Minturn, Jr.

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

Family Reading.

THE ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY WALDO ABBOT.

THE MECHANICAL PART OF A SCHOOL.

On entering a large manufactory, one of the noticeable features is the perfect order and regularity which prevails. Everything runs by system. Each operator is but a part of the great machine. The huge driving-wheel of the engine moves not more according to rule, than the hundreds of workmen thronging the building. The superintendent has apparently nothing to do. The machine is "perpetual motion," and has received its start. But let a cog in a wheel be broken, and the superintendent knows it. Quietly he sees that it is repaired—not merely *orders* it done, but *attends to it*. The ability of such an officer consists in so perfecting details that his own services, to a casual observer, appear almost unnecessary.

A Sunday-school requires the same perfect mechanism as a factory. Without it no school can be very prosperous or efficient. Many superintendents have an indefinite idea that they should be bustling about continually, to remind all that there is such an officer. The more a school can be made to run smoothly of itself, the better. The superintendent should, as it were, go quietly around, oiling the joints, touching the springs, and learning the characteristics of teachers and scholars; willing the while to be unnoticed. He who can do this, is in no danger of oblivion. If possible, call every one by name. It will give a great power to be able to call the children by name. It pleases the good ones, and causes the bad to imagine that you know all about them.

In selecting a superintendent, great care should be exercised to obtain one of administrative ability, and who does not wear squeaky boots. It is not always wisest to select the most cultivated, or the one usually deemed the most devotional. Not that I would cast the slightest slur on the importance of both these qualities. But he who is quick, ready, self-confident, with a clear head, and the ability to arrange and classify, with some imagination for devising novelties,—is the man for the post. As between A, a foreman in a large printing-office, and B, a village physician, or a retired minister, I would select A; for the reason that his regular business has accustomed him to habits of command, in planning the proper division of labor, and in working through others. The physician's and minister's ordinary occupation has not been of such a character as to develop these traits. Neither is much of what is termed "book learning" necessary. The superintendent should never take a class, and therefore his defects in this respect will not be noticed. Be sure and select a *successful* man: one who takes hold of an impossibility and creates a fact out of it. Never appoint one of these real good, pleasant men, who can help every one but themselves. They are not the men to drive. They are capital teachers, but poor directors. A good superintendent is exceedingly difficult to find. He requires a rare combination of energy, good nature, and perseverance. To manage a large school is *work*—hard, steady work—requiring a *man* to do it, and one who does not talk too much.

Probably the best government, were all men honest, would be a large legislative power, and a one man administrative power. Certainly in a Sunday-school this is indispensable.

I was once connected with a large school, where a noble man was spoiled into a poor superintendent. He was so kind-hearted that I believe he would have deemed it cruel to kick a football. He was so careful of the feelings of others, that it was difficult to learn what he desired the teachers to do. It was a five minutes' labor for him to persuade and coax the children into semi-silence. He would jingle his bell and talk to them imploringly, and finally, in a voice intended to be terrible, threaten to "attend to those boys who were kicking their feet on the benches." At this all laughed, until it became too stale even for a joke.

Boys like promptness and military precision. Give a boy an order in a pleasant, but prompt, distinct, curt manner, and he is twice as likely to obey as when it is given with a slipshod, half-beseeching air. A horse will at once tell who is afraid of him. Surely a boy has more intelligence. Often the form of a command will betray the conviction that it will be disobeyed.

Not long since I was in a mission-school where usually there was excellent order. The superintendent was away, and the assistant took his place. Chaos reigned supreme, and the bell was continually jingling. At the close of school, the acting superintendent said, "Now boys, I want you to go out in your usual orderly manner. Your superintendent will be pleased to hear you have done so well to-day. Now go quietly, girls first." Habit restrained them for a moment, but when the girls got fairly into the aisles, the boys broke, and leaping over benches in perfect confusion, made for the door. A few got out, when a stranger, a small, light-built young man, stepped before the door, and gently laid his hands on two of the nearest boys. He merely called out "boys," loud enough to attract attention, and shook his head slightly. They knew what he meant, and instantly order was restored. The girls passed out, and the boys followed quietly. There is much in this strange magnetic influence, which some persons possess.

A horse that has once run away with you cannot be depended on. Never allow a school to break. You cannot regain your power. The children must be trained to obey quickly and perfectly. The lesson of obedience is one of the most important that children can be taught anywhere. It can be easily done—if you only know how. It is as simple as to set up Columbus' egg.

In calling the attention of the school, ring the bell loud enough for all to hear, but on no account ring it more than once. If you do, the next time the children will anticipate a second bell, and continue their conversation accordingly. If a scholar persists in conversation or noise, call his name, or so designate him as to attract attention to him. Rarely will one require to be thus reproved twice.

The superintendent should seldom address the children, except on matters connected with the business of the school. They must know that when he speaks, it is to give orders which are to be *obeyed*. Moreover, his turn of mind becomes too familiar to the children, and they desire a change. Unless he can devote more attention to preparing his remarks than most men do, under the same circumstances, they will become stale, and encourage among the children habits of inattention to his voice, prejudicial to his influence.

I place most of the government on the superintendent, for the number of persons who are disciplinarians are extremely few. In most Sunday-schools, not more than three or four have this ability. It is so rare in the world, that it is a wonder, not that so many children are ruined, but that so many blunder into the right path. A superintendent who expects each teacher to enforce order in his class, will have a noisy school. All teachers who *can* keep order should do so, but they are few. Many who can impart knowledge admirably, hardly know how to compel a boy to remove his cap.

Where the school is large it is well to call the roll of the teachers. The assistant superintendent will call it, and the superintendent will answer for the lady teachers, who may dislike to reply in a sufficiently loud voice to be heard across the room. This custom will prove a great check upon tardiness and absence. If a teacher is away and has provided a substitute, it is well to say, "Miss Jones absent; has provided a substitute." If a teacher is detained by illness, it is wise to state it.

The superintendent should, if possible, let others lead in prayer, that his attention may still be directed to keeping perfect order. It is seldom or never that a school is so well drilled that some will not be in mischief when the superintendent's and teachers' eyes are closed. He should let all know that his eyes are open, and upon them.

At prayer all the teachers and scholars should take some uniform position, either inclining forward, or rising and folding the hands. For small children the latter is preferable, as it keeps their hands out of mischief. In any case the teachers should take the same position as the scholars, to show that the posture is not inconsistent with the dignity of a gentleman or lady. The teachers should be prompt to observe all such general forms. It is, I believe, a maxim almost of our theology that men are more easily taught by example than by precept. The teachers can induce their pupils to do almost anything, if they will only do it first.

In the class the teacher should be left as nearly supreme as the general interests of the school will allow. If he much prefers, let him select his own lessons, and manage in his own way. The superintendent should carefully refrain from worrying a teacher, and from giving any orders to the class save through him. For instance, if he wants two boys to take part in the Sunday-school concert, instead of speaking to them personally, request the teacher to do so. It weakens his influence to have any one appear to be above him in authority over his class. The teacher, also, should be very careful always to support the authority of the superintendent. If the boys are inclined to laugh at any little weakness he may have, stop it at once, and, if possible, present his foibles in a light to make them virtues. These are little matters, but they help the smooth finish of a school's mechanism.

After the opening exercises, the first duty of the superintendent will be to supply unprovided classes with teachers. Usually he has to take any one who happens to be present. Where there is any choice, give the best teacher to the worse class. Where no teacher can be obtained, if the children of the class are reliable, let them hear each other's lessons, and then read part of a certain chapter in the Bible. Frequently a class of girls can be so managed for some time, pleasantly to themselves, and no trouble to any one. If the class is of boys, rather boiling over with fun and spirits, separate them. If you think of nothing better, tell them you want their help. Send two to the librarian, who will manage to keep them employed. Tell the others you want to know how many are present. Give each a pencil and paper, and let them walk very quietly down the aisles—each taking one—counting the teachers and scholars. Have them write the result neatly on the paper, in as formal a manner as possible. This will effectually separate the class, and be a great delight to the boys, who always like to "help" when it is in a little public manner. If they finish too soon, tell them you wish it very accurate, and they had better go over it again to verify it. They will give great assurance of its correctness, but the next count will produce such a different result, that they will have sufficient employment for the hour. Receive the report with many thanks, and ostentatiously put it in a very secure place. Boys are in the main good, only they must have something to do. They prefer to be useful, but if they cannot have a chance, they will take up mischief.

Some care should be exercised in arranging the classes. Usually the only system is in having the girls on one side of the room, and the boys on the other. A capital method of making trouble. I never could understand why it is so proper for ladies and gentlemen to mingle at home, in company, at public meetings, and at church, yet so often in the prayer-meeting and Sunday-school they are separated, like the sheep and the goats, before their time. Being among the goats, it has always suggested unpleasant emotions.

The classes should be so arranged as to bring those most troublesome near the superintendent, where he can easily see them. Place the Bible-classes, and those with efficient teachers, furthest away. Do not have two classes of boys about the same age within speaking distance. Neither would I advise having a class of *young* young ladies side by side with one of juvenile young men, lest they might agree with Mr. Pope, that "the proper study of mankind is man," and pursue that study to the detriment of others.

Unless necessary, do not have more than six pupils to one teacher. It is as many as most can manage and instruct. In the Bible-classes there can be as many as can easily hear the teacher's voice.

Every class should be numbered, for ease in reference. In many schools the children are numbered also, for purposes hereafter explained.

Each teacher should keep a class-book, well and punctually written up. It is a somewhat difficult matter to have attended to, and therefore most superintendents let it go. Never let *anything* be done in a slipshod manner. Either abolish the rule, or enforce it. When the books are well kept, they are of great assistance, and will repay the slight trouble of looking after them.

The most important duty of the superintendent is in smoothing the path for the teachers, and encouraging them when disheartened. All teachers will at times become discouraged, and feel inclined to abandon their labors. It is truly hard to work month after month with no apparent fruits—to feel that they are accomplishing nothing, and perhaps are only doing an injury. A superintendent should carefully watch for these symptoms, and be ready with a kind and inspiriting word; notice their classes frequently, with a word of commendation; refer to any good points they exhibit, either in order or recitation; keep their spirits up, and show himself willing to be a personal friend, yet with great care to avoid intruding himself. Here all the delicacy and Christian refinement he possesses should be brought into action, influenced by the divinest attribute given to man—Love.

THE SHORT WAY TO A HOLY LIFE.

Multitudes of God's children find the way from regeneration to holiness a slow and wearisome journey. See how they stumble along, over broken resolutions, unrelished duties, and actual transgressions, borne down with weighty burdens and dragging crosses. Notice how the yoke of the Lord Jesus—which he proclaims light and easy—chafes and frets the neck, and how the fetters of conscience bind and hinder the limbs. No wonder the road seems rugged and tedious, long and fatiguing. No wonder so many shrink from entering the narrow path, or, like Timorous and Fearful, faint and fall back before they reach the goal.

Christian, there is a shorter path up into "the King's highway of holiness." Would you know it? Come with me, and let me show you two easy steps by which you may ascend at once from the gate of regeneration through which you have entered into the ways of wisdom, which are "ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." Two easy steps—the first is Faith. "Only believe," said Christ to his disciples. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Believe, first, that your sins are all forgiven, according to the gracious assurance, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out your transgressions, for *mine own* sake"—not for yours—"and *will not remember* your sins." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." It is unnecessary to transcribe all the precious warrants of a free and full pardon recorded in God's holy Word, *one of which, being his word*, would have been sufficient to establish a *believer* in hope and joy. But look how, in compassion to our weakness and incredulity of spiritual truth, these declarations are reiterated. Over and over again, in every variety of form, and richness and sweetness of expression, are we assured that pardon shall be granted to the repentant soul. Weary pilgrim, believe his word and drop *this* burden.

Jesus next assures us that he will always attend us; standing at our right hand that we shall not be moved by any event, ready to help in every emergency, teaching us to war with our spiritual foes, giving us victory over every enemy, supplying all our temporal and spiritual needs, lifting us up out of the depths of grief, and finally landing us on the "shining shore" of the new Jerusalem. What more do we want? What more can we ask? Believe, then, this word also, and dismiss every fear of trouble and danger for this life and the next. An *all-sufficient* Savior is provided; you have only to receive and make use of him—to partake of his fullness, and go on your way rejoicing.

Having thus disposed of all the burdens which have heretofore held you down, standing on this first round of the short ladder which is to lead you up from darkness into light, you are prepared to take the next step, which is Love. Love this gracious, complete, careful, sympathizing, affectionate Savior and Friend with all your heart. Can you fail to do it? And with a conscious, earnest, tender love animating your bosom, will any duty be hard, will any sacrifice be great, will any cross seem burdensome, will any temptation prove attractive, will any transgression of his wishes be relishful? Never. Love makes toil a pleasure, [illegible] the dead weight out of the cross, unties the [illegible] to every burden fall, adjusts the yoke strings and [illegible] about the neck, melts for gracefully and [illegible]ence, takes the sweetness from the shackles of [illegible]n powerless, the [illegible]ness of sin, makes temptation [illegible]d journey world insignificant, life but a [illegible]rnal home, death the opening portal to the [illegible] mansion. In short, it supplies wings to the soul, so that while in the world we are poised above it, breathing a pure, etherial atmosphere, flying instead of creeping along the heavenward way, and becoming assimilated to the spirit of heaven before its golden gates are thrown open for our welcome.

The ancient Israelites might have made their transit from Egypt to Canaan in a few days or weeks at the furthest; but because of their unbelief they were compelled to drag along through a dreary pilgrimage of forty years. So we may step at once, if we will, into that rest in Jesus which he delights to give to his beloved. Why then will we drag along through so long and wearisome a way, through years of doubt and fear and faithlessness, becoming crippled, worn out, heart-sick, before we enter the land that flows with milk and honey—where is that peace that passeth all understanding, beside the green pastures and still waters of eternal life?

This is not the favored path of a privileged few—it is the way open for *all*, accessible to every one. Is it not the more excellent way? And, fellow-Christian, will you not try it? H. E. B.

STILLWATER FARM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER TIME.

How many bright memories that name recalls! The country home, with no particular order of architecture—a small house with two large wings, shaded by elm and maple trees, rises before me, with the view from the piazza of hill and valley, river and mountains beyond, to which morning and evening, with every change of sunshine and shade, gave some new beauty. How well I remember my first visit there, years ago, before the railroad had brought the busy world in contact with that repose of which its name is so suggestive!

It was a happy day when, after months of longing anticipation, the August vacation arrived, and I left New York with my father and mother to spend a few weeks in the country. I will not describe our wonderful voyage up the Hudson River, or the ride in the stage-coach through the rural districts until the Stillwater village church peeped through the trees; and half a mile beyond we suddenly stopped at a gateway, at which two tall pine-trees were standing as sentinels. Through the avenue of trees that led to the house I saw my ten-years old cousin Grace, with flying curls, come running down to meet us, and Aunt Jane was on the steps to welcome us to Stillwater.

I remember the wide hall, with a glimpse of the garden beyond; the parlor with low ceilings and windows to the floor, leading out to a piazza where honeysuckle and wild rose in unchecked luxuriance were hanging in festoons; and my cousin Frank held me up in his arms to see the nest of the yellow-bird, while the older people were admiring woodland and river, tinged with the glories of the setting sun. Aunt Jane pointed out Bemis Hights, rendered classic ground by one of the last battles in our Revolution, where Burgoyne surrendered, and under whose green mounds friend and foe found a common grave. The red farm-house was yet standing where Major Fraser, a British officer, was carried from the field mortally wounded, and with his dying breath he deplored the ambition which cost his life. The wheat harvest now waves over part of the field, and the plowshare has turned up bones and skulls, and many years since a ring, which my aunt now wears, of heavy gold, with an armorial crest, once probably worn by some English officer.

The tea-bell called us in, and how delightful it seemed, surrounded by my young cousins, to be eating bread and honey, like the queen in the nursery rhymes; and with a goblet of milk before me, I thought that like the children of Israel we had arrived at the land of promise flowing with milk and honey.

Before we went to bed, my cousin Grace persuaded me to let her put my hair up in paper, so that in the morning I should have curls like her own; ten tight little knots on the back of my head did not keep me awake, for I was tired and happy and young. We rose early in the morning, and Grace was charmed with her success when twenty little tight curls rewarded her labors, and my own mother hardly knew me at breakfast-table. But nature was not to be defrauded of her rights, and two hours of play in the open air restored my hair to its normal condition, and the curls disappeared, to Grace's astonishment and chagrin. But what did I care for curls, when there were so many wonders of the outside world to explore—the garden, the orchard, the barn-yard, the swing under the apple-tree, the hen with ten young ducks, and the turkey-gobbler, of whom secretly I was afraid?

That day and many others passed swiftly away. Our morning occupations were hunting for eggs in the barn and out-houses, returning with basket or aprons loaded with the transparent pearly treasures. The hen turkeys had a habit of making their nests among the high grass of the meadows, which occasioned us many long pilgrimages. After dinner we would go with the boys to the woods to pick blackberries, or down to the canal under the bridge to fish for shiners, bullheads, and eels; and sometimes Benjamin Franklin would allow us to go with him to a creek not far distant, and help build a dam, which delightful occupation so fascinated us we came home long after supper with wet feet and torn dresses.

One morning Uncle Edward told the boys they might make themselves useful by going to the orchard and carrying apples to the cider-mill. This proposition was hailed with delight, and we girls begged to be allowed to help them. There were two orchards standing on rolling ground, divided by a natural ravine: the cider-mill stood in the most distant one. How interesting it was to watch the old black horse go slowly around to turn the crank which turned the wheel which pressed the apples! And the clear amber-colored cider that ran into a vat, how delicious it was sucked through a long straw!—no champagne or sparkling Catawba has had such a flavor since to my taste.

As we had to climb the fence between the orchards with our baskets, some one proposed getting little Charley's wagon and dragging it round to the mill. This lightened our labors so much that Frank suggested another improvement, and taking down the bars of the orchard returned from the carriage-house with an old one-horse wagon. We gathered the red and yellow apples from the ground as the boys shook the trees, and the wagon was soon filled.

Then commenced the procession, all pulling and pushing the triumphal car with its golden treasures slowly along. Harry and Lucy, the two youngest children, were seated on the top of the load; but as they wished to get down and help, we took them off. With many shouts of command from Frank, and peals of laughter from all, our wagon had quite a progressive motion; but not perfectly understanding the laws which govern the powers of nature, we allowed it to incline a little on the side-hill, when the force of gravity instantly asserted itself, the wagon rushed madly down hill, turned a somersault, breaking the shafts short off, and scattering the apples in wild confusion in the ravine.

Uncle Edward entered the orchard just in time to see the catastrophe: he looked in grim silence at the result of our labors, and then at the groups of children. "Benjamin Franklin," said he, "this is your work." My uncle was a man of deeds, not words. I had always stood in awe of him, and when I saw poor Frank led off by the collar, I felt that some fearful punishment was in store for him. How we cried when my aunt and the elder members of the family came out and said we were altogether too wild! Grace and I must go in the house and behave like young ladies; some sewing was given to her, and I was told to sit down and read a book. But the tears would come, and we were in disgrace. Frank did not make his appearance at tea, and we heard that his punishment was the old one of solitary confinement and bread and water.

There was an arrival the next day which brought new elements of interest into our family circle. A party of friends stopped on their way from Saratoga to spend a few days at Stillwater; among them Augusta Morton, a cousin of Grace, a young lady in her fourteenth year, whom we were told to entertain; and we promised ourselves much pleasure in rambling about our favorite haunts with her. She wore braided hair and long dresses, and she put on gloves and took a parasol when we started for a walk after breakfast.

First we went to the orchard, where we recounted our melancholy disaster, and christened the spot the "Apple Hollow"—then down to the nest in the meadow where eleven young turkeys, whose mother had hatched them in a clandestine manner, were just peeping out of the shell; but Augusta did not seem to care much for them, or for the robin's nest in the cherry-tree: hunting for hen's eggs she thought tiresome, fishing under the bridge vulgar; she called me a tom-boy for climbing the apple-tree, and wondered at our sunburnt arms and faces: as for going into the barn-yard after tea to see the cows milked, it was a horrid place, and she was afraid of cows.

The next day we had a picnic party in the woods that we all enjoyed—first the packing the baskets with pies, cakes, and sandwiches—then the ride through the woods to Sidney's Cove—a large pond where cousin Sidney, Grace's eldest brother, was once nearly drowned. We spread our repast under the shade of some grand old trees, and when that was over picked wintergreen berries, and collected some of the beautiful moss from the rocks, and I found some wild pink, columbine, and blue harebells growing in a solitary place, where the brook had formed a tiny waterfall; a wild grape-vine clinging to some trees formed a natural arbor, and I told Augusta confidentially that I would like to be shipwrecked there—like Robinson Crusoe on his island; but she did not think it would be pleasant at all—she believed there were snakes under a moss-grown log, and she was even afraid of the green frog who leaped into the water at our approach.

Frank called us to join in some noisy game that Augusta called romping. I remember our ride home in the twilight, and the spirit of quiet which seemed to descend upon us with the light of the young moon, and the dark shadows and resinous perfume of the pine woods.

The next day we were at a loss how to entertain our guest; our everyday life had no interest for her, and somehow it had lost its charm for us.

To get away from the younger children, who would "tag on to us," as Augusta said, we climbed up into the hay-loft over the barn—the only access being by a ladder, and the only intruders the noisy swallows, who had built their nests up among the rafters of the barn, and a flock of pigeons on the outside, who were cooing and dressing their glossy plumage in the morning sun.

Here Augusta related to us all the particulars of her visit to Saratoga, and described to our unsophisticated minds the splendors of Congress Hall and its guests; the morning walk to the spring, and the visit to the bowling-alley, (I wondered what kind of bowls they played with, but would not ask;) the ride to Saratoga Lake; the band that played during dinner; and the delightful ball which she attended, dressed in pink tarletan, with two skirts and white satin slippers. Grace and I were mute and admiring listeners, and Augusta became eloquent and enlarged upon her theme. The hay-loft seemed such a delightfully retired spot, we returned there the next day, and Augusta related a story that she had read, called "The Children of the Abbey." She had the faculty of entering into the minutiæ of everything and repeating long conversations. We followed the lovely Amanda through all her trials. Grace looked at her cousin with innocent wonder; as for me, no enchantress's wand ever produced more magical effects. I lay reclining on the hay, watching the white sails of the vessels on the river, and the white clouds slowly sailing in the blue sky, and felt my spirit floating out through the golden gates of imagination to a new and unknown world.

We had now found common ground—something equally delightful to us all. The next story was called the "Haunted Castle," some scenes of which have since hung like a nightmare upon my mind—particularly one, where a damsel, after many adventures, wakes up at night alone, in a vast and dimly-lighted apartment, and hears the clanking of a chain dragging down stairs, and a heavy foot approaching her door; she looks through the key-hole and sees a pair of flaming eyes. But at length all these horrors have some blissful end, as also did Augusta's visit, when the carriage came to the door in the morning, and the gay party drove away.

How dull the house seemed when they had gone! Grace and I wandered about in a discontented, fretful way; our occupation was gone; we could not return to our simple pleasures after the experience of the last few days. I was particularly unamiable. We ended the day with a quarrel, when, losing my temper, I struck my gentle cousin on her cheek. My mother, hearing of my misdemeanor, sent me to bed. As I was sullenly undressing, I resolved never to speak to Grace again—the hateful thing; I would not sleep with her—I would sleep alone in a vacant room. I thought of all my grievances, of Augusta and all her pleasures; I would never come to Stillwater again: no one loved me there; and then being thoroughly wretched I cried myself asleep.

It must have been after midnight when I was suddenly awakened by a noise in the room. I was falling asleep again when something seemed to move, and I heard a long, deep sigh. If Grace had only been there I would not have been so frightened. My heart beat so loud I was sure it could be heard, so I covered my head with the bed-clothes, and though my eyes were tight shut, I seemed to see two fiery eyes like those of the Haunted Castle. I could endure it no longer, and throwing off the clothes to spring up, something cold touched my forehead. I shrieked with terror when Carlo, our Newfoundland dog, licked my face and hands, and whined with delight at finding me. I slipped out of bed and ran through the hall to our own room, where a flood of moonlight illuminated the gentle figure and brown curls of dear Grace, who lay sleeping so peacefully. I nestled by her side, put her white arms around my neck, and like some wandering dove at home once more was soon asleep.

In the morning it seemed like a dreadful dream. I told Grace all. She kissed me, and when she proposed putting up my hair in papers, and I consented, our reconciliation was complete.

One rainy day, after finding a promising book in the library, Grace and I ensconced ourselves up in the broad window-seat, and I read aloud "Paul and Virginia." The great traveler Humboldt says that this little book contains the best description extant of tropical scenery and foliage; indelibly impressed upon my mind are its pictures of the luxuriant forests, the snowy mountains, the peaceful valley, and the cottages under the palm-trees, where those innocent children seemed exempt from the human depravity which mars the happiness of the rest of the race. Grace became tired, but I read until the final catastrophe of the shipwreck, when the pale cold form of Virginia was found on the sand; and the tea-bell recalled me from the realm of romance.

"Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," engrossed the next few days. I read, and then related to my cousin after we went to bed the adventures of the heroic girl on her solitary journey to St. Petersburg, and we wished that our father and mother were exiles, and we could do some great thing to deliver them from an ice-bound prison.

The heat of summer had now passed away; the cool nights of August were followed by early frosts, which presage the coming autumn. A wood fire blazed morning and evening in the open fire-place of the dining-room, where a domestic cricket chirped in a cheerful way. The locusts had ceased their monotonous drone; the bobolink, who had swung upon the tall sprays of waving wheat warbling his musical note, had taken flight for the rice-fields of Maryland; and we too must take our departure with the summer birds. How dreadful it seemed to think of the brick walls of the city and of the confinement of school once more.

One bright morning we started with the boys on a nutting expedition. How pleasant that two-mile walk was in the bracing air through the woods, now tinged with the gorgeous hues with which October clothes our American forests.

Carlo ran races with us, and chased the gay squirrels that were filling their pouches with acorns, and the spotted chipmunks that ran along the fences. We took off our shoes and stockings to wade through a brook, and at noon, under the shade of great hickory-trees, we ate our gingerbread and apple-pie which Grace had thoughtfully prepared; and then how rapidly our baskets were filled with nuts, which we gathered as the boys shook the trees and beat them with long poles! And Frank found a vine, whose purple clusters of frost grapes we thought delicious. We made wreaths for our straw hats of the red sumac leaves and scarlet creepers which clung round the evergreen trees. And how many treasures I found on our way home of velvet and coral moss, and the blue gentian and ghost-flower, so white and clammy, growing in shady places!

The next day was the last of our visit. Grace and I were up early, in time to go to the barn-yard with Bridget, who allowed me to milk into her pail, and the patient cow did not put her foot into it, as she did the first time that I attempted that feat. We visited all our favorite haunts that morning, not forgetting the hay-loft, sacred to the memory of Augusta, and of the metamorphosis in my life, as great as when the crawling caterpillar awakes to the luxury of spotted gold wings, and flits away to sip the sweets of summer flowers.

That evening, as we sat by the parlor fire, my father took me on his knee, and said his little girl had improved since she came into the country; her brown arms and rosy face did not look like a city girl; but I don't think he knew all the changes that were going on inside of his little daughter's head. We went out on the piazza and heard the whippowill repeat her nightly lay, and the katydids reiterate their complaint; and I felt, with the sadness of departing summer, that I had passed the invisible line which surrounds unthinking childhood.

How I loved my cousin Grace—the faithful confidant of all my thoughts and feelings, the dear sympathizing friend that she ever was afterwards! With tears and kisses and promises of another visit, we separated. As we drove away, I watched her white dress fluttering in the morning wind, and to me she has ever been the brightest memory of Stillwater Farm.

THE LEGEND OF ST. MEDARDUS.

In the stillness of his cloister dwelt the young Medardus, following the commands of the Lord Jesus, and living an austere and self-denying life, according to the rules of his order. To him the outer world, with its pomps and vanities, its feverish loves and hates, its futile hopes and corroding cares, was dead and passed away. Yet, like a singing-book befringed with flowers, flowed the sweet current of his life, and on his lips lingered ever a tender smile, as of one who remembers the kiss of the Beloved. For on his soul had risen the dawn of heavenly art, and out of the empty darkness of his cell gleamed forth smiling faces of saints and angels, and a voice in his heart said: "Preach thou with thy pencil!" In happy humility, in holy zeal, he worked at his sacred calling, till the stern convent life blossomed with his pure thoughts, and the brethren were strengthened in faith and hope and love, as by the best of sermons.

One day he was called before the Prior, who thus addressed him: "My son, thy gift has long been to us as a refreshing spring; take this for thy reward, the adorning of the sanctuary of our cloister. Seek help of God, summon thy utmost skill, and paint an altar-piece for our chapel."

The youth stood silent. His cheeks glowed, his downcast eyes swam in tears of joy, his heart beat high with holy desire and fear. At length, with his hands folded on his breast, he bowed before the Prior, and said: "My powers are too weak for so mighty a task; yet, since it is laid upon me, God will give me grace to perform it."

He returns to his cell, and casts himself before the crucifix in prayer. But his thoughts surge like a troubled sea, and there is no light from above. Long he lay before the Lord and wept and entreated aid. And lo! soft beams struggle through the darkness, the waves subside, and from them rise dreamy forms like clouds of mist. Anon, the night vanishes in a flood of glory, and a heavenly vision stands revealed before his soul. He seizes his pencil, and strives to charm the fine ideal into life.

The work glows under his hands. The earliest dawn finds him waiting in the vaulted chapel; the last ray of sunset has faded ere he seeks his cell. Even in the dreams of his short night, his thoughts work on at the holy task, and every faculty strains with sleepless yearning to realize to the eye what he has so clearly seen in the spirit.

His pious zeal is crowned with success. Above the altar stands the Blessed Mother, encircled with light, her pure glance directed upward, her cheeks warm with celestial love. Round her floats a starry vestment, and on her head shines a starry crown. In her arms she cradles the infant Savior, who presses confidingly to her maternal bosom. Beneath her victorious feet writhes a demon, his dragon-talons clenched, his horrid visage convulsed with pain and rage. The mind could conceive nothing more divinely sweet than her aspect, more vile and abhorrent than his. Full of beauty, full of greatness, was the completed picture, and a heavenly effluence seemed to breathe from the heaven-inspired creation.

His labor ended, Medardus feels his powers relax, and he longs earnestly for a night of tranquil rest. But no slumber visits his eyes. The midnight hour finds him still awake, burning with fever, and tossing from side to side. Then a whirlwind shook the convent, and in thunder, smoke, and brimstone, the Prince of Darkness appears before him.

"Have the secrets of hell been opened to thee?" he shrieked. "Hast thou gazed into the heart of hell? But hearken! If thou wilt change that loathsome form to a delusive beauty which shall entice the sons of men to sin, the highest honor and glory earth can give shall be thine. If not, ruin shall seize thee and thy cursed work!" The words spoken, the monster vanished with a frightful scream.

Medardus springs from his pallet and watches for the day. He feels new life in his limbs, his heart burns with holy scorn. Scarcely have the stars paled before the morning red, when he again ascends the scaffolding, and faithfully recalling each trait of the visage exposed to his view the previous night, he boldly paints it in, making the fiend ten times more hideous and abhorrent than before.

The day advances, and crowds of men and women stream toward the chapel, eager to behold the visage of the Divine Mother. Lost in sweet content and holy musing, Medardus leans against a pillar and contemplates it with the rest; when suddenly, a secret horror chills his blood, and he feels himself in the clutch of the revengeful demon, who lifts him high in the air, then dashes him violently into the foaming, roaring gulf below. He sinks in the flood, his senses leave him, and all give the poor youth up for lost. At this moment, O wonder! out from the picture reaches a helpful hand, raises him from the flood, bears him up with tender strength to the top of the precipice, and lays him gently on the earth. The pious worshipers gaze and admire, and bless the helpful Mother.

The legends of St. Christopher and St. Medardus are the two faces of a medallion; the one side representing the consecration of rude physical strength, the reverse that of the finest gifts of genius, to the service of the Lord. Both are made acceptable through the same sanctifying elements of faith and love. Such seems to be the lesson intended by the old legendaries, who, of course, drape their teachings in the religious costume of their age.

We, disenchanted moderns, might read still another lesson, less elevated, but not less useful, from the experience of the young painter; viz., that spiritual conflicts are often nothing else than the retaliation of the abused body on the tyrannizing mind; and that, in such a case, the tormenting fiend might be more effectually exorcised by a cold bath than by the severest course of prayer and fasting. Eusebia.

Selections.

DR. CHALMERS.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of blithe company;" the country-side seemed moving to one center. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

"He had a hardness in his eye,
He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves;" he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity;—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out: "Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging toward the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape—we all sank back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunder look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice—"that tremendous necessity."—*Dr. John Brown.*

CREATION IN EARNEST.

O ever-earnest sun!
Unwearied in thy work,
Unhalting in thy course,
Unlingering in thy path,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest stars!
Unchanging in your light,
Unfaltering in your race,
Unswerving in your round,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest earth!
Doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling His great will,
With all thy morns and evens,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest streams!
Flowing still on and on,
Through vale, or field, or moor,
In darkness or in light,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest flowers!
That with untiring growth
Shoot up, and spread abroad
Your fragrance and your joy,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest sea!
Constant in flow and ebb,
Heaving to moon and sun,
Unchanging in thy change,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A wild and terrible legend is that of the middle ages which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man, with naked feet, uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a mark of blood is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose, and blood-like lips, squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woolen gown, he ever pursues, with a staff in hand, his interminable journey. Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages.

The people wonder as he hastens past. Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoemaker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our Savior, and was of those who cried, "Crucify him!" The sentence of death having been pronounced, he

mountain waves—the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Too light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him: battle-axes and cimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero, "Thou art drunk with blood;" to Christian and Mussulman, "Drunk art thou with blood." They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving, in his vain pursuit of death, the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air, and fierce lions and flat-headed serpents will only sport with him as he hastens by. And thus he wanders:

"Traversing mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the desert;
Nowhere—not even in the tomb!"

DE MORTE.

In midst of this our life
We are begirt with death,—
Our life is but a breath!

To whom, then, shall we come,
Save, Lord, alone to Thee,
In our mortality?

To whom save Thee, O Lord,
Who at our grievous sin
Justly hast angry been?

O holy, holy God,
O holy Majesty,
Jehovah, God most high;

O holy, holy God,
O holy God above,
O holy God of love;

O Savior of the lost,
From second death us save,
And from the endless grave!
—*Imitation of the Latin.*

ROBERT ROLLOCK.

What picture is this which catches the eye as we enter the Senate Hall of the University of Edinburgh? It is a half-length, life-size painting, whose comparative dimness proclaims its antiquity. The features, however, still stand clearly out. The eyes are calm and reflective, but determined. The forehead is well developed. The subject of it is evidently in the prime of life; yet there are several deep furrows in the countenance, which tell of much anxious thought and care. The beard is neatly trimmed, and the whole expression pleasing. The party is arrayed in professorial robes, a large white collar being the only perceptible addition to those still worn. His head is uncovered, and he appears as if meditating on what he has read from the book he holds in his right hand.

It is the likeness of Robert Rollock, whose name will be revered so long as the College stands, as its first Principal, to whose admirable and prudent management the newly-formed University owed much of its celebrity. Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Glasgow had colleges before Edinburgh. The want of one in the metropolis of Scotland proved a serious inconvenience. Young men, whose parents were able to meet the expense, were obliged to go to the other seats of learning; while many who were in straitened circumstances were prevented prosecuting their studies. At the insugation of James Lawson, who succeeded John Knox as minister in Edinburgh, and William Little, one of the bailies of the city, the Town Council, toward the close of the XVIth century, took steps to found a university. On 24th April, 1582, King James VI. issued the charter for its foundation, and in the following year it was opened for educational purposes. Looking round the country for one to preside over it, the eyes of the patrons were turned to St. Andrews, where Rollock, having completed his own college course, was now acting as a professor. The son of a landed proprietor near Stirling, he had been early taught the classics by Thomas Buchanan, the fraternal nephew of the celebrated George Buchanan, with the beauty of whose Latin poetry all scholars are familiar, and whose portrait hangs side by side with the one to which we have referred in the outset of this paper.

On the 1st October, 1583, at the early age of twenty-eight, Rollock, of whom Row, in his history, speaks as a "verie learned and holie, sober, meek, and modest man," entered on the duties of his new and important sphere in Edinburgh, and gave himself most heartily to the work of training the youth who were attending the College. He had the pleasure of marking their rapid progress—a sweet compensation to him for all his toil, and the fruit which might be expected as the result of the pains-taking energy with which he discharged his duties. While enjoining on his pupils diligence in their studies, he ever kept before them the great concerns of their souls. As Principal of the University, he regularly visited the different classes, and examined the students, daily assembling them all for public prayer in the Common Hall, while once a week he delivered a general address to them. On these occasions he inquired into any cases of misconduct which had arisen, dealing with the offenders so skillfully, that he generally succeeded in disarming their hostility, and subduing the spirits of the most stubborn. Periodically, he held consultations with the other teachers, with the view of devising measures for the good of the University, and the benefit of the young men in attendance. Under his fostering care, and a zeal which was eminently tempered by prudence, the institution over which he presided soon attained to great celebrity; while his labors as a professor of divinity were so successful, that "in a few years he sent forth to the office of the ministry very many in whom the living image of his own holiness and learning shone forth conspicuous."

In addition to his labors in the College, he preached every Sabbath morning at the early hour of seven, giving forth to large audiences those sermons of which, as published from notes taken by some of his hearers, Dr. M'Crie, in his "Life of Andrew Melville," says that "they exhibit him in a very amiable light, as 'condescending to men of low estate,' and keeping sacredly in view the proper end of preaching, the instruction and salvation of the people, and not the display of the learning, ingenuity, or eloquence of the preacher."

Thus assiduous as Principal, Professer of Theology, and a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, Rollock was equally so in the use of his pen; and when we survey the catalogue of the many treatises and commentaries of which he was the author, we cannot but recognize in him "a man diligent in his business." The estimate of his literary industry is greatly enhanced when we take into consideration the early age at which his Master removed him from his labors in the vineyard. In the forty-third year of his age the Lord translated him to the church above. If his whole life was a sermon, so also was his death-bed.

The following are a few of the most weighty sentences addressed by him to the ministers of Edinburgh who came to visit him:

"The cares of the University have at all times been most deeply seated in my breast. Soon must the thread of my life be broken; soon must I pass to my Father's house, after which I have so long and so earnestly panted. Do not, I beseech you, after I have been removed from among the living, leave the College to grieve too bitterly over its bereavements. Do you—you, I repeat, act the part of a real, not of a step-father, cherish and nourish her in your bosom." "Unite with one mind to carry on the work of the Lord. What is more inconsistent than for the heralds of peace to be torn asunder by quarreling and discord! At such a conjuncture as this, when the enemy is lying in wait for our halting, we ought not to dissipate our strength, but peaceably to concentrate it; we ought to aim our weapons at the bosom of the enemy, and not at each other's throats."

On being told by the physicians that they could do no more for him, he said:

"Thou, O God, wilt heal me." "I have seen thee dimly in the glass of the Word; bestow on me now the enjoyment of thy face: oh! how long and how earnestly desired!"

Addressing the magistrates and judges of the city, who came to see him, he said:

"As far as I can judge, I am about to finish the task of life—to lay aside this corruptible garment of the body, to pass hence to my Father's house. Nor is this a bitter thought to me, for I have often thirsted for the last day of my life."

Commending his wife to their sympathy, he said, "I entreat you, let not your affection to me halt toward her." After which he exclaimed:

"Thanks be to God! memory, sight, hearing, and all my other senses, are as lively and vigorous as ever they were; but my heart is away from this world; and wherefore, Lord Jesus, should not thou not alone enjoy my heart, since thou alone hast a right to it? During my life I have striven to consecrate it to thee; I pray thee take it to thyself, that it may dwell with thee."

During the course of his illness such expressions as these fell from his lips:

"In a sick body I have a calm mind. Death, sin, and Satan terrify me not. The Lord is crushing me as in the mortar of affliction, that he may form me for his own kingdom." In giving directions about his funeral, "Why," said he, "should I not care for this body, since it is to be glorified and made like unto Christ's glorious body? These very hands shall glow with resplendent glory."

With such holy aspirations on his lips, the young Principal "fell into a gentle slumber, during which, after some time, he tranquilly and pleasantly gave up his soul to his Creator and Redeemer."

"Servant of God! well done.
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

How immeasurably small, what a very speck, does man appear, with all the wonders of his invention, when contrasted with the mighty works of the Creator; and how imperfect is our apprehension, even in the highest flights of poetic imagination, of the boundless depths of space! These reflections naturally suggest themselves in the contemplation of the works of an Almighty Power, and impress the mind with a reverential awe of the great Author of our existence. The great revolution which laid the foundation of modern astronomy, and which, indeed, marks the birth of modern physical science, is chiefly due to three or four distinguished philosophers—Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler. The sun's spots have been probed, his "luminous envelops" counted, his rays analyzed, his portrait taken in various attitudes by the "photoheliograph," and his fabled sympathy with the fortunes of the earth conclusively verified. It is magnetism that has supplied this link. Observers have succeeded in tracing magnetic disturbances, which have for their respective periods the solar day, the solar year, and, still more remarkably, an until lately unsuspected solar cycle of about ten of our terrestial years.—*Fairburn's Inaugural Address at the British Association.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Some years since the Duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who're you?" asked the Duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon."

"What want?"

"I am sent to kill you."

"Kill me?—very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it to-day?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

At the Army and Navy Relief Committee meeting, held in the Church on the Hights on Sabbath evening, and reported in *The Eagle* yesterday, Chaplain Dwight of the 56th N. Y. V. related a touching incident connected with a deserted home. The building now occupied as a brigade hospital by the Union troops encamped in the vicinity of Alexandria was, prior to the breaking out of the rebellion, the mansion of General Cooper of the rebel army. It was deserted on the approach of our troops, of course, and immediately taken possession of and appropriated to the uses mentioned. On a pane of glass in one of the windows, evidently carved by a feminine hand—doubtless by one of the General's daughters—was graved the following sad memento—

"Tuesday, April 21, 1861—The last night at home."

That home will never be restored. All the beautiful groves which embowered it have been cut down, and there is not a vestige left of its former splendor! Yet apart from the stern necessity, it is admirably adapted to the purposes it has been appropriated for. It overlooks the valley of Hunting Creek, across the Potomac, and a partial view of the city of Alexandria. Our boys have given it a name somewhat similar to that of the church in which they were assembled—they have called it "The Hospital on the Hights."

"Thus time, with sternest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamped sad dates we can't recall."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A RAINY SABBATH.

Rev. Dr. Baker once related in conversation the following incident of his ministerial life:

Whilst living at Germantown, thirty odd years ago, I was to have preached one Sabbath morning at Barren Hill, seven or eight miles distant. On awaking in the morning, the rain was descending in torrents, and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. I debated with myself whether I ought to go. I concluded to go. Having taken breakfast, and ordered my horse and gig, I started for Barren Hill. But lo! I had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in spite of the leather top and apron, I was drenched to the skin. Crossing the hilisides, the storm threatened to overturn my vehicle, and my poor horse trembled. Still I went forward. By the time of my arrival at the church, there was not a dry thread upon me, and I could not have been more saturated with water had I been dipped in the Delaware. And now, on my arrival, how many people do you suppose I found at the church?

We began with the Abrahamic number, "Fifty."

"Entirely too high," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Forty-five," was the next conjecture, which elicited the same response.

"Forty," was the next number stated, with the same result.

"Thirty," said we next, still keeping in view father Abraham's descending scale; but still the Doctor said, "Too high! too high!"

"Twenty," was next given as the probable number, and then "ten," when we gave it up.

"I will tell you," said the Doctor, at length, in his own emphatic way, "how many people came through that storm to hear me preach; *not one*, sir! NOT ONE! NOT ONE! Even the sexton himself, who lived immediately opposite, had not ventured to cross the street."

"And how did you feel, Doctor," asked we, "on finding that your self-sacrificing labors had met with such a poor return?"

"Never happier and more contented in my life," was the noble reply, "for I felt that if all the world that day had neglected their duty, I had not neglected mine."

The Fruit of Care.—A poor girl in California picked up the cutting of a grape-vine, thrown into the road, in order to drive her mule with. She carried it home, and though it was wilted and worn and appeared good for nothing, she stuck it into the ground. "It has a little life left," she said; "I will try and save it." So she watered it, and watched it, and trained it, and took as much care of it as if it were the most promising shoot in the world.

Well, how did it reward her? In one year, after it was six years old, it bore five thousand bunches of grapes, and each bunch weighed one pound; these, on being sold, brought her the handsome sum of $4,000.

You see it is not so much having large means to do with, as it is in doing the best you can with small means.

Faith and Temptation.—I find it to be most true that the greatest temptation out of hell is to live without temptations. If my waters should stand, they would rot. Faith is the better of the free air and the sharp winter storm in its face. Grace withereth without adversity. The devil is but God's master-fencer, to teach us to handle our weapons.—*Rutherford.*

Sing as You Go.—"How shall I be useful?" asked one. *Sing as you go*, said his experienced friend. Let men see you with a genuine smile upon your face, coming up from a happy heart, as you go out and in. That will draw men to your Master.

The Incomes of Archdeacons.—Durham £4,854, Canterbury £2,487, Lindisfarne £1,835, Bedford £1,278 Northumberland £1,111, Carlisle £1,053, Barnstaple £1,689, Lincoln £2,029, Notts £1,110, Middlesex £1,640, London (say) £1,900, Norfolk £1,096, Suffolk £1,295, Oxford £1,413, Leicester £1,192, North Hants £1,184, Craven £2,018, Richmond £1,506, Colchester £1,291, Essex (say) £1,071, Surrun £1,009, Wilts £1,393, Winchester £1,200, Worcester £1,020, East Riding £1,260, York £1,700, St. Asaph £1,057, Brecon £396.

Foreign Miscellany.

THE ALTERNATIVES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

The assumed difficulty of governing the Southern states as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the territories, and without a Fugitive-Slave Law. It may be assumed that in that event the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the territories, or the admission into the Union of any new slave state. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new free states would insure to freedom a decisive and constantly increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three-fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each state in the lower house of Congress. Why should the masters have members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that state as an equivalent; thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundation of its constitution. Are we to see with indifference its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new Republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original inventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first state which repudiated, Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the legislature of Mississippi had passed a bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English Government will hardly be base enough to recognize them, unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped, even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse, unless they granted in the most explicit manner the right of search. To allow the slave-ships of a Confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free, and unexamined, between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretense of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practiced before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slaveholders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate hight by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the free states, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the slave states ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry Peace, peace. I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated their ever renewing fight for ascendency in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution, receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the free states will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.—*Mr. John Stuart Mill, in Frazer's Magazine for February.*

Old Age and Nature.—In *Blackwood* for February is an article by Sir E. B. Lytton, "On the Increased Attention to Outward Nature in the Decline of Life," from which we make a few extracts:

"One of the most common, yet, when considered, one of the most touching characteristics of receding life, is its finer perception of external nature. You will find men who, in youth and middle age, evinced scarcely to notice the most striking features of some unfamiliar landscape, become minutely observant of the rural scenery around them when the eye has grown dim and the step feeble.

"I was acquainted in my schoolboy days with an old man, who, after a metropolitan career of noisy and brilliant success, had slipped away from the London world as from a vulgar mob, and found a Tusculum the reverse of Cicero's, void of books and remote from philosophers, in a dull lone house in a dull fat country. To me no scenery could be less interesting than that amidst which I met him in his quiet rambles; a trite monotony of level downs—neither wood, nor brook, nor undulating hilltop, that enlivens solitude with the infinite play of shadows. I was then at the age when we all fancy ourselves poets, and this man, who had but slight esteem for poets, was yet the first in whom I found the close observation of natural objects from which poetry takes the same starting-point as science.

"I was bound to respect this man, for when I was a boy and ambitious, he was old and unknowned. He was kind to me, for he had known one of my family in a former generation, and would suffer me to walk by his side, and encourage me by indulgent, possibly contemptuous silence, to pour forth my crude fancies and my vague aspirations—he, who could have taught me so much, content to listen; I, who could have taught him nothing, well pleased to talk. And so, one day when he had more than usually provoked my resentment by devoting to gossamers and ants the admiring interest I was urging him to bestow upon bards and heroes, I exclaimed with abrupt candor—'If ever I win a tenth part of your fame, sir, I don't think I shall run away from it into the country, in which one has nothing to look at except ants and gossamers!'

"The old man stopped short, and, leaning on his stick, first stared at me, and then, musingly, into space. Perhaps my rude speech set him thinking. At last he said, very quietly, and as if more to himself than me, 'I shall soon leave the world; men and women I may hope again to see elsewhere, but shall I see elsewhere corn-fields and grass, gossamers and ants?' Again he paused a moment or two, and then added, 'As we lose hold of our five senses, do we wake up a sixth which had before been dormant—the sense of Nature? or have we certain instincts akin to Nature, which are suppressed and overlaid by other reasons, and revive only at the age when our reason begins to fail us?'"

Rev J. Sella Martin in England.—Mr. Martin, the well-known colored clergyman of this city, is now on a visit to England, and recently had a very flattering reception in the city of Ipswich, where the clergymen of three churches opened their pulpit doors for him to preach on the Sabbath, and although he preached three times on the same Sabbath, he had a crowded house each time, the audience being influential as well as numerous. On the Tuesday evening following, a public meeting was held, at which the Mayor presided, and to which Mr. Martin made a lengthy address on American affairs, siding of course with the North, whose course on the slavery question and in the management of the war was very skillfully vindicated. At the conclusion, a unanimous vote of thanks was given him for his address.—*Boston Transcript.*

Seeking and Saving the Lost.—Earnest and active Christians in London are unceasing in their efforts to bring the power of the Gospel to bear upon all classes of society in that great metropolis. We have repeatedly referred to the encouraging labors of the Bible-women among poor mothers. A work of grace has begun among the lamplighters, of whom there are at least a thousand in London, and a special city missionary has been assigned them. City missionaries have for some years been laboring among the cabmen, and a great reformation has been the result. There are now six hundred communicants among the cabmen of London. Efforts have been commenced to reach the night cabmen, hitherto a most degraded class, who are often without a character and without a home, unhealthy in appearance, owing to constant night work and irregular rest by day, yet many of them are aged. A city missionary, who has labored twelve years among the day cabmen, has taken up the work of a night missionary to them, and meets with a favorable reception.

The "Saturday Review" and its Contributors.—The chief of the political department—the gentleman who does the "heavy business" on the Southampton-street stage—is Mr. G. S. Venables of Mitre-court, Temple; and then follow the lesser Joves, such as Mr. Joseph Arnold, Rev. Charles Kingslake, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Newmarch, (secretary of the Globe Assurance office,) Mr. Main, (reader at the Middle Temple,) Professors Owen and Playfair, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Bereeford Hope, (the proprietor of the journal,) Rev. W. Scott of Christ's church, Hoxton, M. J. Pitt Taylor, (the County Court Judge,) Mr. W. B. Donne, Mr. Jones Rymer, Mr. C. J. Sanders, Lord Robert Clinton, (very casual,) Mr. Grant Duff, (do.,) Mr. E. A. Freeman, and Mr. Frazer, late Paris correspondent of a well-known and once powerful journal. Among the other contributors deep in the arcana of the zymotic process constantly going on in Southampton-street, are the following: Mrs. Bennet, (sister of our most sagacious statesman,) Miss Boyce, Lady Lancver, (formerly Lady Benjamin Hall,) the compiler of the journal and correspondence of Mrs. Delany, the wife of the Dean of Down; Miss Jane Williams, (another gifted native of the Palatine,) Miss C. Ogle of Newcastle, Mr. F. Galton, Mr. A. Grant, Mr. W. V. Harcourt, Mr. J. M. Hayman, Mr. G. W. Hemming, Mr. I. C. Mansfield, Mr. Stephens, and a few others of minor note. The majority of the male contributors are barristers, of whom, perhaps, it may be said, that their friends gave them nothing to do, and they did it!

Lett's Post-Office Official Monthly Director for January, 1862, is a decided improvement upon its predecessors, and really a great acquisition to merchants, brokers, postmasters, and all who have heavy correspondence passing through their hands. There is always much convenience in obtaining this class of information on a sheet, and hence the advantage of the above over the Government manuals. The contents, however, will best explain the pretensions of this broadside to public favor, and are as follows: Mails, daily dispatch to all parts of the world, with average return mails due in England, (period of transit;) letter-postage, from ¼ oz. to 8¼ oz., by quarter ounces, with book postage, from 4 oz. to 20 oz.; fees for registered letters; newspaper, etc., postage; packets sailed and arrived last month; ships advertised to sail; ships arrived last month; a postal almanac for the month, indicating what days various mails will be made up, what are expected, and other general information, concluding with a complete list of all the cities throughout the world to which our mails are dispatched.

News from Caprera.—The General is quite well, and attends as usual to his agricultural pursuits, in which he is now helped by nineteen patriotic and disinterested laborers from Cadogno, province of Modena. These nineteen laborers, knowing that the General had need of a certain number of men to work in the fields, immediately set off to Caprera, of their own accord, to do his work, and actually refused all remuneration. Moreover, they would not allow the General to provide them with their daily food, and brought with them their flour, Indian corn, oil, wine, etc., for the mere pleasure of saying that they had served Garibaldi without taking any pay. The General gratefully accepted their kind offer, and the good laborers of Cadogno are steadily working under his directions. It gives me great pleasure in calling your attention to the above fact, as it shows of what amount of devotedness and disinterestedness the poorer classes are capable in Italy.—*London Morning Advertiser.*

Alderman Drummond of Dublin has offered to give £10,000 toward the erection and endowment of an institution for the training and education of soldiers' children, if the Government give a similar sum, and the public raise by subscription a third £10,000. Alderman Drummond proposes to make it a Female Royal Hibernian Military Institution—the counterpart, in working and design, of the Institution for educating soldiers' boys in the Phœnix Park.

The Crown Lands of Canada.—We have just received the returns of the Crown Lands Department for 1861, from which it appears that the total sales amounted to 622,849 acres, as against 533,628 for 1860, realizing $1,190,078, against $1,381,126 for the previous year. This falling off in the money receipts is entirely owing to the stagnation of the lumber trade with the United States. The settlement of the free lands has progressed most favorably. Since the opening of the Hereford and Auckland roads the settlement of both townships has advanced with such rapidity that the Government at the close of the year had under 400 acres unalloted, and as soon as the spring opens these and hundreds of other lots will be in active demand.—*Canadian News, Jan. 30.*

Russia and America.—The *Nord* publishes in its latest edition the dispatch of Prince Gortschakoff to M. Stoeckl, the Russian Minister at Washington. It is couched in the following terms:

St. Petersburg, Jan. 9, 1862.

Monsieur: The Federal Government will not doubt the keen interest with which we have followed the various phases of the recent incident which has held in anxious suspense the attention of the two worlds.

His Majesty the Emperor has not presumed too much on the wisdom of the Cabinet of Washington, in being convinced that at this serious juncture it will only consult its sentiments of justice and conciliation and the interests of the country.

It is with the most profound satisfaction that his Imperial Majesty has seen his anticipations confirmed by the determination which has just been taken by the Federal Government.

Although it has only reached our knowledge at present through the medium of the journals, our august master has been unwilling to delay the transmission to the President of the sentiments with which his Majesty appreciates this manifestation of moderation and equitable spirit—all the more meritorious in that it was rendered difficult by popular impetuosity.

I need not add, Monsieur, that in remaining faithful to the political principles which she has always defended, even when these principles were turned against herself, and in abstaining from taking advantage, in her turn, of doctrines which she had always repudiated, the American nation has given a proof of political honesty which will acquire for it an incontestable claim to the esteem and gratitude of all governments interested in seeing the peace of the seas maintained, and the principles of right prevail over force, in international relations, in the repose of the world, the progress of civilization, and the well-being of humanity.

His Majesty the Emperor is pleased to hope that the same wisdom and moderation which dictated to the Federal Government its latest resolutions will also direct its conduct during the continuance of those internal difficulties with which it finds itself engaged.

The event has proved to him how much these difficulties are capable of altering its political position, how much they are of a nature to encourage the hopes connected with the diminution in the power of the United States, and how much, consequently, it is its interest to terminate them as soon as possible.

The Emperor is persuaded that the statesmen who have shown themselves able to take such an elevated view of the foreign interests of their country, will also know how to make their internal policy superior to popular passion.

Be pleased, Monsieur, to express to the Federal Government these feelings of our august master, and to reiterate the assurance of the satisfaction with which his Imperial Majesty would see the American Union consolidated by measures of conciliation which might regulate the present without establishing germs of discord for the future, and so restore those conditions of strength and prosperity which we desire, not only because of the cordial sympathy which unites the two countries, but because the maintenance of its power is important in the highest degree to the general political equilibrium.

Receive, etc.,

(Signed) Gortschakoff.

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General News.

THE WAR.

A FEATURE in the war which from time to time becomes prominent, and is at once less obtrusive and even more important than mere military success, is the vast change which its movements is producing in the popular mind in convictions on the slavery question. This war is destined to infuse new but decided anti-slavery opinions into at least half a million of the most active and sincere of our Northern voters, who, having seen the abominations of the "institution" with their own eyes, while soldiers, will return home, and all their lives act vigorously to limit and destroy it in every legal way. The remarkably energetic and efficient action for freedom of the Kansas troops is sufficiently well known, and it is now said that all our troops in Virginia are becoming "abolitionized."

Before enumerating as usual the aspects of the various departments, we may say in general that the honest vigor of Secretary Stanton's administration continues to delight all true patriots; while there is an equally noticeable doubt and uneasiness about what may be the sentiments of Gen. McClellan. It is well known that he was a Breckinridge Democrat; he has certainly ordered the Hutchinsons not to sing anti-slavery songs in camp; the inactivity of his great host on the Potomac is daily discouraging the whole North; there is a distressing uncertainty on the question whether he planned or approved or disapproved the recent successful operations in the West and in the East; and indeed whether he wishes to have any fighting or any restoration of the Union on the original constitutional principles. However, we can only wait and see. Gen. McClellan will surely have all the glory he shall deserve.

The hopeful opinions of the Government are strongly expressed by an order which the President has issued through Secretary Stanton, reciting that *the Government believes the insurrection to have culminated and to be now declining*; and accordingly directing the dismissal of all political prisoners who will take the oath of allegiance, and announcing that no more extraordinary arrests will be made except military ones.

—Another most significant army order of Secretary Stanton, dated Feb. 25, prohibits telegraphing all war news, and any publication by newspapers of news received in any way, except on approval of the war department, the general-in-chief, or the department generals; on pain of exclusion of offending newspapers from use of telegraph and railroad.

—Kerrigan, the rowdy New York volunteer colonel, court-martialed for treasonable communication with the enemy, has been acquitted of that, but discharged from the service for incompetency and worthlessness.

—The Apache Indians, taking advantage of the troubled times, have entirely overrun the region known as Arizona, destroyed Tucson, its chief town, and killed or driven out every white person in the territory.

—Important operations have taken place in southwestern Missouri since our last accounts, which left Gen. Curtis and his army in full march upon that persevering rebel, Sterling Price, who was at Springfield. As our forces approached their position, the rebel commander, true to his principles, ran away, his troops and baggage and warlike stores beginning instantly to lag and scatter. On Sunday, the 16th, a small detachment under Capt. Stubbs of Iowa captured, near Warsaw, 50 miles in Curtis's rear, a son of Price, a brigadier-general, and several of his staff. The runaways hurried southward by the road from Springfield to Bentonville, Ark.; while our army, following at full speed, attacked and drove their rear-guard at McDowell's, some 15 miles north of the line, and followed up the main body at only four or five miles off. On the 18th, Curtis crossed into Arkansas; at Sugar Creek, about 6 miles south of the line, found Price, re-enforced by McCulloch, awaiting him; dashed at him, drove him again, ran him through Bentonville, and at the last accounts was holding that town, and still pushing the pursuit, picking up large numbers of stragglers and great quantities of commissariat and military stores. This movement, followed up as it must undoubtedly be, will thoroughly clear the western or right flank of the whole vast Federal line, leaving us a clear field in the center or Kentucky department.

—In this latter department, the important post of Fort Donelson is serving as the base of further operations. The proceeds of this victory are about 15,000 prisoners, including the head traitor of Kentucky, Simon Bolivar Buckner; the same number of small arms: about 50 cannon, and stores, etc., enough to make the whole money value of the property taken over $2,000,000.

—Since the taking of the Fort, we have received no very intelligible accounts of the subsequent military movements, which are a sign of secrecy and speed, most hopeful for the near future. But heavy re-enforcements have been pouring in one steady stream to the aid of Gen. Grant, while Buell is with his vast host advancing on the parallel line of the railroad from Bowling Green toward Nashville. From that important rebel center come confused reports, among which it seems credible that our troops now occupy Nashville; that the rebels are making some stand at Murfreesboro, a few miles to the south; that the traitor Governor, Harris, and his traitor legislature, have fled to Memphis; and that Tennessee will quickly gravitate by her own honest patriotism into the Union.

—Meanwhile, other reports reach us, contradictory enough, asserting and denying the evacuation of Columbus; that Commodore Foote and a strong fleet have gone down the Mississippi; that movements on Memphis are contemplated; but nothing reliable. Yet one thing is certain; that the rebel line of defense in the West is pierced through, broken down, shattered to pieces; and if our leaders are wise and energetic enough to use the means in their hands, they will shortly march triumphantly into New Orleans, picking up as they go the poor and scattered relics of the great Dagon of rebellion.

—In the east of Kentucky our force under Gen. Thomas, after a march of tremendous difficulty, has at last, it is said, seized the long-sought door of Cumberland Gap, and is preparing to advance again upon the great railroad from Tennessee to Virginia. It has for some time been plain that the only difficulty in his way to the Gap was the difficulty of getting over the ground.

—No important movements have occurred on the Upper Potomac. In Gen. McClellan's special department, the vast army, which has lain there so long, begins to surge and murmur with emulation and impatience at hearing of the glorious achievements of its brethren in arms beyond the Alleghanies; and once more a buzz of reports flies through the papers that an immediate movement is to be made, and even that the advance is already begun. But we can believe that the army of the Potomac *has* advanced, only when we cannot help believing it.

—Gen. Butler, we hear once more, is just making the final arrangements for his expedition; and Commodore Porter's mortar fleet, as we hear, is gathering at Key West, its rendezvous. Speculation begins to be active about this most silent but most powerful of all our bombarding expeditions; and Norfolk, Sumter, Pensacola, and New Orleans are all announced. What a stunning shout of glorious exultation in justice done and treason punished would shake all the land, should our grand old flag be borne once more in the smoke of a victorious fight, to its old and lawful place over Sumter! God grant it.

—Gen. Burnside's force is strengthening itself, and awaiting re-enforcements. A battery erected with enormous labor on the Savannah River, on a muddy island, thought by the rebels quite inaccessible, has all at once closed the river between Pulaski and the city. Some torpedoes have been picked out of the channel near by, which were better made than those in the Tennessee River, and exploded on being fired into with a rifle.

The Southern newspapers speak gloomily and desperately of the complexion of their affairs, the burden of their song being acknowledgments of heavy and discouraging reverses at home and abroad, and wild shrieks of exhortation to every man to arm and fight to the death for his Juggernaut. This frenzy can no longer stimulate, and we can clearly perceive symptoms of the fatal lassitude which follows such unnatural furies and exertions as those of the monster conspiracy. Faulkner, late Minister to France, prisoner at Fort Warren, and, after exchange, volunteer guide for the rebels in Western Virgina, in a public speech at Martinsburg, Va., said that secession was an utter failure, and that he desired the war to close. The inauguration of Davis at Richmond on the 22d of February, for six years! was but a sad ceremony, without cheers, enthusiasm, or splendor; and almost his first official act was to proclaim a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. His official term is more likely to be six weeks than six years.

CONGRESS.

THE Treasury Note bill is at last completed, and probably will be signed and a law before this paragraph reaches our readers. The bill provides for issuing $150,000,000 of notes, to be legal tender, except that duties on imports must be paid in coin. These notes are fundable in 20-year 6 per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after 5 years. A sinking fund is provided, and U. S. bonds may be sold if necessary, in order to obtain the coin in which the interest of the public debt is ordered to be paid.

—The Army and Post-Office Appropriation bills have passed, in the Senate and House respectively.

—Of legislation respecting the war, the principal features were, a bill which has passed both houses to reorganize the cavalry in only 50 regiments, which will save at least $20,000,000 a year: the unanimous confirmation of Gen. Grant as Major-General and Col. Garfield as Brigadier, for brilliant services in the field; and a bill making a new article of war to prohibit the surrender of fugitive slaves by our army or navy. Several of our border state men opposed this, because they said it was a scheme to dodge the fugitive-slave bill; and Diven, Vallandigham, Wright of Pa., and Johnson of Ind., and others, filibustered a little and argued against it, but a vote was forced and the bill passed in a stringent form, by 83 to 42.

—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution on the 24th, which the House adopted, asking for the communication or publication of the testimony in the case of Gen. Fremont. A significant petition was also offered in the Senate, on the 25th, from Michigan, asking that Fremont be made Lieutenant-General—i. e., commander-in-chief, as Scott was.

—Other measures of little less importance were debated, though not disposed of. The bill to confiscate rebel property came up in the Senate on the 25th; Trumbull advocated it; Pomeroy wanted its colonization plan to be applied to the slaveholders instead of the slaves; and Sumner offered an amendment which was adopted, altering the bill so as to avoid any recognition of the constitutionality of the fugitive-slave bill. A resolution was adopted by the House, to consider whether to tax cotton three cents a pound; and a bill passed that body, to make all shipmasters clearing from our ports, swear allegiance.

—Shields was confirmed brigadier, but with ten votes against him; he being perhaps more of a politician, though a good enough soldier.

—There was a noticeable though unpleasant debate in the House on the 24th, on a resolution introduced by Mr. Conkling of N. Y., thanking Generals Grant and Halleck "*for planning*" as well as for executing the recent victorious enterprises in Kentucky and Tennessee. It was made evident enough that there are broad and serious doubts and differences on the question who plans this war, and where is merit and demerit due for the good and evil of its conduct.

—Meanwhile, the announcement of the victorious pursuit of Price in Missouri was received with enthusiasm; and an illumination and other ceremonies were arranged for Saturday, the 22d, Washington's birthday. Much of the festivity was however omitted, in consequence of the death of little Willie Lincoln.

—Vallandigham received a pretty damaging attack on the 19th, from Mr. Hickman, who offered a resolution of inquiry into the alleged fact that letters from Vallandigham had been found in the office of the treasonable *Baltimore South*. Vallandigham made a furious speech in reply, in which, however, he saw fit to incorporate so much more loyalty than he had ever spoken before, that Hickman, after expressing his satisfaction in a somewhat ironical manner, withdrew his resolution, but not until his purpose had been served.

—A like resolution of inquiry into the disloyal antecedents of Senator Powell of Ky., and his expulsion, was on the 20th referred to the Committee on the Judiciary; and it is said they can find ample reasons for expelling him.

—These demonstrations have not sufficiently frightened the traitors, however; for Voorhees of Indiana made a speech in the House on the 20th, regarded as taking a view on the question of compromise substantially treasonable; and he was accordingly rebuked with severity by several members.

—The House passed two sensible bills, one for a money order system, which will be a most convenient means of sending small remittances through the Post-Office, and another to permit various additional articles to be mailed at current Post-Office rates.

—From Kentucky, where it is said some very corrupt railroad legislation has been hatched and is about to be discovered, a claim of indemnity has come up for damages done to the Union men by the rebels. If *that* gulf is opened, the free North will learn what taxation is, with a vengeance!

—The slavery issue came up in a strong speech by Senator Wilmot on the 24th, in which he plainly told the Senate that it would be a serious breach of duty for them not to vote the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia at this session. Mr. Shellabarger argued in the House on the same day for general emancipation. The House Judiciary committee contains so many of the bad sort of conservatives, that it is to be feared no steps at all can be taken at present on this most important subject. It is, however, evident enough that that vast flood of loyal Northern public opinion which has thus far solitarily and against a singularly numerous host of adversary influences, driven forward this war for the Union, will before long drive Congress to do right on the slavery question, if that body cannot find self-respect or conscience enough to act without driving.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—POLITICAL affairs are ostensibly quite quiet; though every now and then shrewd observers see through the thick whirl of affairs at Washington, signs that from five to thirty long-headed men are silently plotting each for the Presidential nomination of 1864. It is too soon.

—The political campaign for 1862 will commence with the New Hampshire state election, March 11, for which there are three tickets, Republican and Union, Democratic, and Independent. The first is expected to win. In Connecticut, the state election is April 7, and the Republican and Union ticket will doubtless win by a large majority over the regular Democratic. In Rhode Island, Gov. Sprague and his officers were renominated Feb. 20, and will no doubt be chosen April 2, election day.

—The Illinois Constitutional Convention now in session is deeply tainted with secessionism. It has now been sitting five weeks; and claims powers almost unrestricted.

—The Wheeling Constitutional Convention has adjourned, after fifty-nine days of session. The Free State measure was defeated. Commissioners, however, were appointed with power to reassemble the Convention in case the new state is not recognized by Congress. This provision is supposed to look to a free state.

—A so-called "Democratic" convention for Connecticut met at Middletown on the 12th, and renominated the state ticket which was beaten last year. Their leaders made secessionist speeches, and when extras were brought in with the fresh news of Burnside's victory at Roanoke, the President would not announce the fact to the convention, not one word was said about it, and the members would not even read the telegrams. The very last of the rebels to yield will be the Connecticut Breckinridge Democrats.

—The California legislature has passed urgent resolutions against taxing the gold mines. If it were left to each interest to say whether it should be taxed or no, the Federal Treasury might whistle for money.

—Judge Chumasero of the Monroe (N. Y.) judicial district, has decided that the horse-racing for money at agricultural fairs, usually called "trials of speed," is illegal.

—The supreme court of Massachusetts has decided that in that state, where a burial-ground, originally part of an estate, had been fenced by the owner, and afterwards pastured and cultivated by himself, son, grandson, and great-grandson, over whose land was the only access to it, only occasional burials taking place in it, still the trees on it could not be cut by the great-grandson for his private profit without making him liable to indictment under the statute against desecrating burial-places.

—In 1861, landed at New York 92,725 persons from abroad, of whom 65,529 were emigrants, being but two-thirds as many as in 1860.

—Some of the parties interested in the Atlantic Telegraph are moving with the intention of having another cable laid during the coming summer. It is said that decisive improvements in the structure of such cables have been made.

—Bishop Fitzpatrick, Roman Catholic bishop of Boston, was on Feb. 11 elected by the Senate of Massachusetts an Overseer of Harvard College, along with Edward Everett, and three others. It was supposed that the House would not concur, but the Bishop meanwhile shrewdly declined, on the plea of excessive occupation.

—General Scott is residing at the Brevoort House in New York city, and is in good health, considering his years.

—It is now pretty extensively known that Col. Scott, Gen. Scott's son-in-law, but not his relative, was proven guilty of communicating to the rebels information of our military movements, and that in a consultation of the members of the Administration, it was concluded not to have him shot or hung, or tried for treason, but sent safe away out of the country. This was in deference to his father-in-law; and shows plainly enough that no harm will happen in any event to the person of Jeff Davis, or any other rebel, provided he has taken an influential part in the rebellion. If he is only a soldier or a farmer, he may be shot or crippled or robbed and ruined. If he is a manager, he will be respectfully conveyed to Europe.

—Lynch, the rebel commodore who was so instantaneously whipped by Rowan at Elizabeth City, and who is reported to have been drowned there in trying to swim ashore, ran away from Philadelphia a year ago, having swindled various persons there; and having previously married and then deserted an attractive and excellent woman.

—Messrs. Mason and Slidell appear in the photograph shops of Paris, by the names of *Muson* and *Sildell*. Fame, according to a celebrated English commander, is "to have your name mis-spelled in a gazette."

—Gordon, the slaver, finding no hope of escape and that he would be hung Friday afternoon, the 21st, took a dose of strychnine early that morning. The officers, however, succeeded in keeping him alive with stimulants, and he was hung.

—President Lincoln's little son, William, died of typhoid fever, Feb. 20.

—President Lincoln having issued a special proclamation recommending the observance of Washington's birthday, the 22d, it was accordingly honored to an extent and with a solemnity far beyond any recent precedent; with displays of flags, firing of salutes, processions and meetings, and the public reading of the Farewell Address and sometimes of the Declaration of Independence with it.

—The Governor (Charles Robinson), Secretary, and Auditor of Kansas have been accused by a special committee of the legislature of conspiring to swindle that state out of $40,000 on the sale of some state bonds.

—The more compromising class of politicians at Washington are scheming to carry the United States into a war about Mexico, with the thoroughly sneaking and dishonest idea that the plan will serve to reunite the North and South.

FOREIGN.

—The English armor-plated war steamer Warrior made a trip to Lisbon, during which her frame racked badly, and she became dangerously leaky. She is not strong enough for her weight.

—The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, instead of being, like our President's Message, an effort to set forth a policy and to recommend measures, is substantially an endeavor to say as little as possible. That just delivered at the opening of the present Parliamentary session, says that on the whole the British Empire is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances, and particularizes, among others, these items: All European relations friendly, those with the U. S. the same, in consequence of the disavowal of Wilkes's action; the Mexican expedition is "to obtain redress for injuries to foreigners;" the estimates for raising money for the ensuing year are as economical as possible; and a bill is to be brought in to simplify the English system of land titles and transfers.

—Many rice plantations are being made at the Sandwich Islands. It has been found that two crops a year, each of nearly 4,000 pounds per acre, equal to the best South Carolina rate, can be raised. The whole Sandwich Island crop for 1862 is expected to be at least 800,000 pounds.

—Considerable quantities of gold are being gathered in Nova Scotia, along some rocky strips of land said to extend for 200 miles, parallel with the Atlantic coast.

—The European news is to Feb. 9, but is of very little importance or interest to us just at present, now that the intervention scheme has fallen through.

—The English Ministry have issued stringent orders to keep American belligerents out of all British ports. The Sumter is said to be still at Gibraltar. It is said that Mason and Slidell have offered to England and France, as the price of recognition, free trade for fifty years, abolition of African slave-trading, and freedom of all slaves born after recognition. Slidell was coldly received at Paris.

—The English are submitting to a ridiculous fright lest the public debt of the United States should be dangerously increased by the expense of clearing out Charleston harbor after the war, which would require simply a few days' diving-bell work and submarine blasting.

—The English Government has ordered the Tuscarora out of the port of Southampton, but not the rebel cruiser Nashville; and a few days afterwards, stationing armed vessels to detain the Tuscarora, let the Nashville out and allowed her twenty-four hours' start. Such is English friendship.

—Mr. Adams, our Minister, has felt and openly expressed great indignation at Earl Russell's declarations of the position of England toward belligerent ships.

—Some movements in the rebel interest have been made in Parliament, but Earl Russell definitely declared some time ago, to the Southern Commissioners, Mann, Rost, and Yancey, that England could not recognize the independence of the Confederacy, until either fighting or negotiation had established it at home.

—Hautefeuille, the great authority on international law, stongly urges a congress to settle neutral rights.

—Great quantities of cotton are coming into Bombay from the cotton districts up the country.

—A British man-of-war captain tried lately, at St. Thomas, W. I., to take a seaman, who claimed to be an Englishman, forcibly from an American vessel. The Iroquois happened to be there, and prepared to open fire upon Bull; and the Governor of the town, intimating that the fort would follow suit, the valiant Englishman paused, and just at the nick of time Admiral Milne came into the harbor, reprimanded his subordinate, and apologized to the American consul.

—Ministerial changes and local political movements of little importance are the news from Holland, Russia, Turkey, Greece, and Italy.

—The Russians have been defeated again in Circassia.

—The Russian Government officially states its expenditure at 244,000,000 rubles, and its income at 10,000,000 rubles less. A ruble is about 70 cents.

—There are somewhat serious disturbances by insurgents against the Turkish authorities in the Herzegovina, a district in the west of European Turkey, next the southern part of Dalmatia.

—The news from Mexico is to Feb. 8. The allies, it is reported, sent commissioners to President Juarez with an ultimatum of eight articles, of which he accepted five, and sent a commissioner to negotiate with the English and French, whose intervention the Mexicans will accept, about the other three. But they hate the Spaniards, and tried to insist upon sending their troops on shipboard again as a preliminary to treating.

—Miramon has been arrested by Commodore Dunlop, the British commander, for theft from the British legation while he was President, and is imprisoned on an English ship.

—It is said that the allies are preparing to penetrate inland from Vera Cruz; but the advices received are exceedingly indistinct and unreliable. Their situation is found very unhealthy, 1,600 men being in hospital; and their means of transportation are very defective.

—The allies are to make the Austrian Archduke Maximilian king of Mexico, and their expedition, dropping its vail, is to be enlarged and made permanent for the purpose.

—War continues in Venezuela. Restrictions have been placed upon the liberty of the press; hereafter all editors must affix their signatures at the bottom of their articles. Gen. Francisco Mejia and many powerful citizens were arrested. A frightful revolution is raging in Honduras. It commenced at daybreak of the 11th ult., at Comayagua, and has spread throughout the country. The first victim was the President, Don Santos Guardiola, who was assassinated at his own door. This caused much excitement at the capital, where, although an influential senator immediately took charge and formed a provisional government, no obedience was found from the people but from the troops, who have joined the insurgents. Excesses were being committed in Trujillo on Feb. 5.

Commercial and Financial.

THE WORTH OF OUR MONEY.

MILLIONS and hundreds of millions are now being spent in a war as worthy of treasure and blood as ever called an army upon the field of battle, and all that the people ask is that we shall have a victory at last which, in value, shall be a fair equivalent for such an expenditure. They want neither a patch-work settlement, a prolonged armistice, or an old-fashioned compromise. They want, and will have, something better. They demand with firmness that liberty only shall be accepted as the just compensation for peace. Till that price is cheerfully paid, "there shall be no peace."

From a financial stand-point we here plead, and say, in the name of God and humanity give us that peace which shall secure us the worth of the money we have expended. If we must part with one thousand millions of dollars or two thousand millions of dollars to obtain a complete victory over our enemies, give us, when the work is done, the worth of our money.

If we are for a hundred years to bear the heavy yoke of taxation, let us now see to it that, in the final settlement, we have the worth of our money.

The widow and the fatherless who are to toil and sweat and tithe their mint, anise, and cummin to support the Government, now cry out in view of this prospect, "Give us the worth of our money."

If in the future every benevolent institution is to suffer in consequence of the extraordinary demands of the nation—ever calling for help to cancel the enormous debt now being contracted—let us, with security in hand, Wall-street fashion, be sure that we have the worth of our money.

If the people must groan and travail in pain, year in and year out, and pinch themselves day by day, as sure they will, to meet these extraordinary calls, it is but fair that they should be heard when they demand, as they now do, the worth of their money.

If in the future we must pay twenty-five per cent. more than at present to live economically, to educate our children, to purchase a book or a newspaper, or to secure any comfort or luxury, all we ask is that we shall now obtain that freedom which is above price, and then we shall have the worth of our money.

If now, for the sake of trade or any other consideration, we are to receive less for what we have done and suffered than the God-given birthright of every human being, Liberty, we shall be most abominably cheated. Year by year, as the tax-gatherer calls, we shall say we have been cheated. Politicians on the stump will say we have been cheated. The cry in Congress will never die, "*We have been cheated.*" We want peace, but we want freedom more. We want trade, but we want justice and humanity more. We want to save hundreds of millions of dollars, but those hundreds of millions shall flow into our national treasury, as free as water, for liberty. "A nation shall be born in a day," with an inheritance of untold riches, when over this whole land—North South, East, and West—freedom shall be declared universal. No burden shall be too great for that, and no price too exorbitant. No tears shall ever be shed, if we gain such a boon, but tears of joy. Our children and our children's children shall hear the story of our wrongs, of our defeats, and of our final victory, and their hearts shall swell with thanksgivings to the God of justice that in making a final settlement we would have nothing less than NATIONAL LIBERTY.

But just here the rebels and their Northern allies say, "Are you going to interfere with the constitutional rights of the South?" What rights, Messrs. Rebels and Traitors, do you mean? The South has now no *property* rights which the North is bound to respect. They have trampled upon our Constitution and our laws. They have robbed, plundered, and cheated us in every way they could think of; and now, when their overthrow is certain, they begin their old story of constitutional rights. No, gentlemen, there was a time when the North would not lift a finger to interfere with your "property rights" in flesh and blood, but that day has gone by for ever.

This war was commenced, not because the rights of the South were interfered with, but because the South demanded that we should not so much as discuss the subject of slavery. Tar and feathers and death were the only arguments used by these rebels in days gone by to stop our mouths. To secure trade, we were willing to get down on our knees, but that even was not satisfactory. They wanted more. They demanded silence. To obtain that infernal liberty which they desired, they sought to overthrow the Government, and to take away from us that freedom which was purchased by our fathers. They have robbed our treasury, plundered our arsenals, taken possession of our navy yards and our hospitals, and yet wish us, as of old, to respect their property rights in human flesh. No, no, gentlemen, you are too late. The precious blood of the North, which has drenched so many battle-fields, forbids now a single step in that direction. We demand that the entire property of every rebel shall now be confiscated to pay the expenses of the war. We demand that the oppressed shall go free, and that the rebel slaveholders and traitors who have brought upon us the enormous evils and burdens of the present conflict shall be the sufferers. We demand that there shall be no more cheating on the part of the South, and that when the books are balanced and the settlement is made, it shall be found that in expending so many hundred millions we have really got the worth of our money.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

—The banks have received $17,500,000 of coupon 6 per cent. stock certificates on account of their last stock loan.

—The Assistant Treasurer of this city has received $4,000,000 in demand notes on deposit, for which 5 per cent. annual interest is allowed.

—The total bank capital of Massachusetts is $68,000,000, on which a tax is levied of one per cent., affording a revenue to the state of $680,000—a handsome income.

—A resumption of trade with some of the Southern states is anticipated, by means of the great rivers, which will have a powerful effect in favor of the revival of trade in this city.

—Cotton, it will be seen, has fallen to 21 *a* 22 cts. per lb. for Middling Uplands—a great decline—which will stop further imports from England. The increase in receipts of cotton from Port Royal is great.

—Senator Chandler of Michigan, it is said, has loaned the Government since the late session of Congress $41,000. If some of our wealthy and windy patriots would talk less and do more—imitating Senator Chandler—they would serve their country far better.

—No less than twelve English steamers are sustained by Great Britain on the western coast of South America, encouraging English, and shutting out American enterprise. The subsidy received from Government is about $300,000 per annum—a cheap investment.

—The palm-oil trade of the Gold Coast, Africa, is rapidly increasing. The production last year was greater than ever before, and "yet the prices obtained are enormous," so says *The West African Herald*. Nearly 200,000 gallons were shipped in three days from a single port.

—The tradesmen of Paris find it very difficult now to keep themselves sufficiently supplied with coin to make change, and "will not willingly part with it, even to their best customers." The bankers also pay out as little coin as possible. When it is demanded they use mostly five franc silver pieces.

—It is now confidently asserted by well-informed parties that very little if any *pure* green tea is received either here or in England. A late microscopical and chemical analysis has proved this conclusively. Of twenty-four different specimens examined every one was found adulterated, while of the same number of black teas thus tested all were found pure. The adulterations are mainly a coloring matter with which the leaf is faced or glazed.

—Judge Shipman of the Circuit Court has decided, in a suit brought by Sorchan *vs* Barney, that worsted goods are not woolens, but are an article wholly distinct in a commercial sense from woolens; and that no woolen goods are known in the market bearing a similitude to worsted in any particulars prescribed by the tariff, consequently are only liable to a duty of 20 per cent. as a non-enumerated article, instead of 30 per cent., to which woolens are specially subject.

MONEY MARKET.

The market has become more active, and the demand has increased, so as to make the rate for call loans firmer at 6@7 per cent. There are few indorsed notes of good houses offering for discount, and rates are easy at 7@8 per cent., according to dates. Single names, 8 @12 per cent. The Assistant Treasurer paid out in gold the interest which became due last week on the 7.30 Treasury notes, and this increase in the supply of gold on the market, lowered the premium to 3¼ per cent., and the tendency is downward. Foreign exchange is very dull, but rates are steady at 114@114½ for sixty day sterling bills, and 113@113⅝ for prime commercial bills. Francs are 5@4.97½ per dollar. The importations have increased beyond the exports, other than specie, materially—namely, $4,581,399, against $2,855,129, value of exports. The increase is mostly in general merchandise. The exports of specie are on the increase, and amounted to $734,512 in all last week. The banks keep contracting their discounts, while their stock of specie keeps increasing, and must increase as soon as demand notes become legal tender, as then there will be little use for gold, except for export and payment of interest on Government securities. This week has seen the passage of the Treasury note bill, by which Government will be able to pay much of its vast indebtedness, and thus a large impetus will be given to the circulation.

The policy adopted by the leading merchants is that of trading only for cash or short credits. Long paper or credits are avoided as dangerous, and this conservative policy alone will be preventive of bad debts. The recent successes of our armies have inspired great confidence in the North, and a feeling of faith as well as hope for a speedy revival of trade is indulged in. As the Southern states become conquered one by one, trade and commerce will increase with great rapidity. The demand for goods will revive in those parts of the South which are brought back within the folds of the Union, and the exchange of goods for cotton and tobacco will become of an important amount.

The coming victory of General McClellan, so strongly foretold and so implicitly anticipated, will complete the subjugation of the rebels. On his right, the army in the West have prevailed; and on his left in the Southeast, at Port Royal, Beaufort, and Savannah, our troops are making way, so that he has only to follow with his main body to make victory sure.

The amount of the bank loans is now $140,000,000; specie, $29,000,000; circulation, $5,500,000; and deposits, $109,000,000.

The Bank of France has reduced its rate of discount to 4 per cent. The French Minister of Finance, M. Fould, has made arrangements for borrowing $20,000,000 from English capitalists, to enable him to convert the French 4½ per cents to 3 per cents rentes. This is making money more in demand in London, and may occasion a rise in the rate of discount there, as it has turned the exchanges in favor of the Continent, whither it is sending gold.

STOCKS.

The market has this week been wild with excitement. The holiday proclaimed on Saturday by the Board of Brokers was only nominally one, for the dealers in stocks met at Wheelock's in Exchange place, and bought and sold as freely as on any other day. Since the advance of our victorious armies, and the feeling of certainty of the passing of the Treasury note bill with the legal tender clause in it, prices have advanced considerably. Government securities have been largely dealt in, and U. S. 6's of 1881 have advanced to 91¾. The border-state stocks steadily advance, especially those of Tennessee. Confidence in the reduction of these states to the Union is producing an advance movement in their stocks, the momentum of which is now very strong.

Railroad bonds inspire great confidence, and feel the impulse of the revival of confidence. The railroad share market is not so buoyant as the bonds, but is nevertheless upward.

Bank stocks are more active, but at low prices. Very few sell at or near par, though there has been a considerable improvement this week. American Exchange Bank stock has risen to 86. The books of transfer of the New York Central and Pacific Mail were reopened on Monday, when the transfers were very heavy. The older speculators have realized to a great extent, and are still availing themselves of the present feeling to lessen their recently very heavy load of speculative stocks. Some large fortunes have been made.

The advance between Saturday, the 15th inst., and Monday, the 24th, has been in

U. S. Sixes, 1881, regular, from	90¼ @91¾	
" " coupons, "	89⅞@91¾	
Tennessee Sixes, "	48¾@62½	
An advance of 14 per cent.		
Missouri Sixes, from	44½@54⅜	
Virginia " "	53 @63	
Panama Stock, "	115¾@121¼	
Illinois Central Scrip, from	58¾@65¼	

Railroad stocks generally advanced on an average of 1¾ per cent.

DRY GOODS.

The market is dull. The speculators in staple goods who bought so largely some months ago are now very anxious to sell, and are distressing the market, and disturbing the calculations of manufacturers, and may very likely check a little the disposition to produce new goods. The market does not respond to the pressure, and the few buyers limit themselves to actual wants.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

Prints are inactive, and holders are anxious to sell, yet domestic fabrics have nothing to fear from competition of foreign importations, as few prints are now imported. Old goods are however being liberated from bond and offered for sale.

Printing cloths are declining with a panic desire to force sales in presence of a better supply of the raw material. In sheetings and shirtings there is no change. The regular receivers are firm, but could not, nevertheless, obtain current quotations if they were to press sales. The export demand is very trifling. In woolens there is also less doing. Delaines do not attract much demand at present. Jobbers are quiet. Fancy cassimeres of desirable styles are active, both silk mixtures and all-wool goods, but the demand is confined to these kinds. Clothing houses are not buying much. Western buyers and buyers from the Middle states are making a few selections, but the West holds a large quantity of inferior goods, which they want to sell. Stocks are moderate in first hands.

FOREIGN GOODS.

The importations have increased considerably, and auction sales are now commencing. British goods have been largely sold, though the regular trade has not fully opened. The speculative demand is over, and prices are less buoyant. Low-priced delaines are, however, in ready sale; and low-priced cloths are in some request. Silks are more inquired for, especially staple kinds. Fancy silks are dull. Prices are steady. There is considerable business in ribbons, and sales have been making to some extent to buyers from Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and the West.

Millinery goods are now mostly sold for cash. Many houses refuse to sell on any other terms. Woolen goods are dull. Fancy cassimeres, low-priced German, Belgian, and English cloths alone command a market, and those of good styles. French worsteds are inactive. The value of the goods imported last week is $1,500,000, which is an increase, though only half the amount imported in the corresponding week of last year. Prints, linens, blankets, cotton goods, worsteds, and silks, are among the articles chiefly imported.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

ASHES have ruled quiet but steady at $6 37½ for Pots, and $6 25 for Pearls.

COFFEE.—There has been an active demand for Rio, and prices are a shade better. The sales embrace some 17,000 bags, including 2,500 per Annie Bowen at 19¾c., 2,500 do. at 20c., 4,880 per Lima at 20c., 2,513 per Flying Scud at 20¼c., 567 per do. at 18¼c., and 1,383 per Midas at 18⅜@19¼c. We quote Ordinary to Prime at 18½@22c. Other kinds are dull, and we have only to notice sales of 70 bags Maracaibo at 22c., 40 bags Java at 26c., 4 months, 50 bags stained St. Domingo at 18¾c. cash, 300 Laguayra, and 1,050 St. Domingo, the latter for export on private terms. Sales at auction of 300 bags Savanilla at 18¾@20c.; 62 do. Laguayra at 20¾c.; and 25 bags Rio at 19¾c. cash.

CORN.—We have had a fair demand for Indian Corn for export and the trade the past week, but with liberal receipts of New prices have fluctuated slightly. The variations in freights and in exchange, together with the unfavorable news from Europe, have increased the desire to realize, and checked any disposition to speculate that the opening of the Southwestern trade would naturally induce. Our exports have been liberal this week, exceeding 265,000 bushels, and we find our stock is reduced to less than 2,700,000 bushels; at the close the market is steady. The sales of the week are 131,200 bushels, and the receipts 43,918 bushels. Barley is without change to note; the demand is fair for State at 83@84c. at the railroad depot. Barley Malt is better and in fair demand at $1@$1 05 per bush. Oats have ruled quiet and a shade lower, and are heavy at the close. Rye has ruled firm, with a fair demand for the trade and for export. Canadian Peas are firm and not plenty. White Beans are unchanged, with a fair demand.

COTTON.—The market has been very dull, excepting on Friday last, when 3,000 bales were sold. The demand continues mainly to the trade, though there is a fair amount taken for export. We quote nominally at 20c. for Middling Uplands. Sales of about 4,000 bales.

FLOUR.—The past week we have had a heavy and variable market for Western and State Flour; the inquiry has proved limited; and with larger arrivals (in excess of the domestic trade) and unfavorable news from Europe, prices have declined 10 to 15c. per bbl., and have fluctuated slightly. At the concession there has been more inquiry for the Continent, more especially for France; but this has failed to arrest the downward tendency, the mild weather promising an early resumption of river and lake navigation; and the large prospective arrivals, coupled with the decline in exchange, have depressed the market and checked the speculative feeling so noticeable the week prior to our last. Our aggregate exports have exceeded 66,000 bbls., and we notice a further considerable reduction in our stock, which consists chiefly of the medium and better grades; the latter have not been pressed on the market, in view of the prospect of the opening of the trade with the Southwest at an early day, by which these grades would be diverted from this market. We have had a very good demand for Choice and Double Extras for South American markets, and a good demand may be noted for shipping brands of Round Hoop Extra Ohio for the West Indies and Central America; these being quite scarce have yielded but little, and are firm at the close. The Provincial trade has been limited, much less than we anticipated, and the same is true of the coastwise trade. Canadian Flour has been offered more freely, and the low grades have been pressed on the market, and have declined 15c. per bbl.; at the abatement a good business has been done. Southern Flour of common quality has also been easier, with a fair demand for shipment to the West Indies, etc. Rye Flour has been in fair demand, and has ruled firm. Corn Meal has not varied, and has sold slowly. Buckwheat Flour is unchanged, and is saleable. Receipts of Flour, 61,400 bbls., and sales of do. 76,000 bbls.

FREIGHTS.—The business of the week has proved light, and the rates to Great Britain have fluctuated somewhat, and are nominal at the close. To Liverpool per American vessels we quote Flour 2/; Wheat 7⅜@7¾d.; Tallow and Bacon, 20/; Corn 6¼ @7d., in bulk and bags; and Cotton ⅛@5-32d. To London, Flour 2/3d.; Wheat 8@8¼d.; Corn 7@7¼d.; and Heavy Goods 25/@30/.

MOLASSES.—The inquiry is very moderate, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 295 hhds. Cuba Muscovado at 21@27c., 160 hhds. Porto Rico old and new crop at 23@35c., 140 hhds. and 3 bbls. St. Croix at 36@37c., and 85 hhds. Cuba Muscovado for export at 15c. cash, in bond. Sales at auction of 100 hhds. old and new crop Porto Rico at 23¾@30c., and 100 bbls. New Orleans at 38¾c.

PROVISIONS.—The speculative feeling and active demand for Pork which distinguished the market the week prior to our last, has since continued, although less spirit has been evinced, and the business for future delivery has not been so active. The extreme prices insisted are checking the inquiry. At the close the tendency was strongly upward. Prime Mess has advanced, but under the unfavorable news from Europe the demand has proved light and prices are unsettled, the tendency however being upward at the close, the rapid advance and scarcity of hogs stimulating the market. In Tierce Beef very little has been done and prices are lower, the unfavorable news from Europe adding to the heaviness. Sales of 350 tierces Ohio Prime Mess at $19 50@$20, and 250 tierces India do. at $22@$23. Bacon has continued in good demand; and